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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to a communication received from "C." respecting "Stereoscopic Journeys," we can only reply that we shall be very happy to accompany her upon a similar excursion at no very distant period.

THE CRITIC,
London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE pens of the reporters have been for a week past busy at work chronicling the glories of the Royal Marriage, and we are happy to say that they have risen to a level with the occasion. As might have been expected from so fashionable a journal, the *Morning Post* shines conspicuous upon a subject so germane to its ordinary topics: the report furnished by that journal deserves to be "writ on satin," with a gold pen, and ink perfumed with ATKINSON'S choicest distillation, whilst around the head of the reporter flutter all manner of fashionable little Loves and Graces, not nude as the manner of such deities is, but draped in richest robes, with crinolines of super-natural magnitude, and wings tied on with white satin bows. As the French *Charivari* has pro- posed that the Paris correspondent of the *Post* shall be presented with a golden pen in acknow- ledgment of his disinterested and consistent ad- miration of the imperial régime, so do we propose that the English reporters shall present a like offering to him that has, by this report, proved himself their *principes*. Some of the other journals have not been quite so fortunate. The account in the *Times*, for instance, is denounced as being quite apocryphal in many instances, although the talented reporter evidently designed it to be a piece of "fine writing." Among those which have come out of the business most creditably is our old friend the *Morning Advertiser*, in whose report we think we can recognise the fine Roman hand of the author of "The Great Metropolis." With a bosom swelling with the importance and dignity of the scene, and conceiving himself, like the fabled apples, to be as naturally upon the surface of things as the raft upon which he had accidentally fallen, that great scribe enthusiastically pronounces that "it has seldom, if ever, happened that so many dis- tinguished persons were congregated together to the exclusion of others of less exalted rank ; and winds up a magnificent peroration with a declaration that "there was something transcen- dently gorgeous—something surpassingly brilliant in the aspect of the place and the assemblage." Without, however, presuming to settle all the knotty points which are being debated respecting the details of the ceremony—points which remind us of the impossibility of relying upon the evi- dence of eye-witnesses, as completely as the anec- dote of Sir WALTER RALEIGH—without pretending to determine who cried, and who embraced who, or whether her MAJESTY arrived in a carriage drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, or by two, we must content ourselves with con- gratulating Sir BENJAMIN HALL with the excellence and good taste of his arrangements. Setting aside the uncomfortable fact that the people of England, who paid for the whole business, were not only excluded from any partici- pation in it, but can scarcely be said to have been adequately represented at it, the marriage of the PRINCESS ROYAL will go down in history as one of the grandest and most complete cere- monies of the kind ever enacted. Nor were the illuminations which took place in the evening at all unfit for the occasion. Without being so general as those which appeared on the celebra- tion of the Peace, the ornaments of fire which lent a glory to the west-end of London were of exceeding beauty, and showed abundant evi- dence of a marked improvement in pyrotechnic art. Instead of the monstrous uniformity which has hitherto distinguished an illumination—from which it appeared as if the imaginations of the people were capable of conceiving nothing more fanciful than a crown, or a star, or a V. R., with a P. A. as a pendant—an infinite number of novel and curious devices were resorted to on this occasion. The illumination of the Quadrant was the most striking of these ; for the inhabitants, having arranged the matter among themselves, laid a single line of fire along the balconies on either side, and the effect of the two curved lines was simple

and beautiful. It was to be noticed also elsewhere, that, instead of making the illuminations uncovered gas jets—which are apt to have a very white and glaring effect—glass shields, either of white cut glass, or (what is still more beautiful) of coloured glass, were in many instances used. One of the most splendid specimens of the latter to be met with in the metropolis on Monday night was that displayed by Mr. DENT, in Cockspur-street. We have on a former occasion deplored the absence of any effort on the part of the Government to add to the beauty of these general illuminations. With such admirable opportunities for producing great effects, we are sure that the sternest economists would not grudge the application of a few hundreds of pounds for such a purpose. If they would only carry spiral lines of light up the Nelson and Duke of York columns, it would be something. Why, moreover, do not the Chapters of Westminster and St. Paul's do something? It irks one to see those magnificent buildings all wrapped in solemn gloom, whilst haberdashers and tobacconists are decking out their puny fronts.

The festival performances at her Majesty's Theatre have, we have no doubt, proved highly beneficial to the speculators who designed them. The public at large had as little to do with them as with the wedding ceremony; for, owing to the rapacity of the middle-men who always interfere on such occasions, the prices were decupled before they reached the public. We do not think, so far as the conduct of the entertainments themselves was concerned, the affair could have been better managed under the circumstances. We certainly do not agree with those who say that *the theatres should all have been open free*; for it is clear that such a course would have been productive of nothing but a general *mêlée* at the doors of every theatre, and audiences composed of the lowest orders of a London mob. MESSRS. LUMLEY and MITCHELL have done their best to make the performances fit specimens of the present condition of dramatic and musical art in England; and if they have not in all cases succeeded, the fault lies rather in the sorry condition of that art, or in the poor selection of materials at their command. The selection of "Macbeth" was not, perhaps, a very wise one; but as we understand that this was her Majesty's own choice, prompted by a desire to gratify the German princes, who are fond of such monumental tragedies, nothing can be said on that score. It is deeply to be regretted that these performances have given occasion to Mr. CHARLES KEAN to consider himself aggrieved. Feeling offended by a supposed omission, Mr. KEAN was induced to abstain from taking any part in the performances.

But it is not the metropolis alone that has done honour to this happy event; the provinces, down to the smallest town, have covered themselves with glory. Banquets, balls, addresses, have been the order of the day, and every local poet has had his epithalamium feat for the occasion. We understand that the town of Gravesend, where the happy couple are to embark on their journey to their future home, is making great preparations to bid them a hearty and graceful farewell; and that, with great good sense, and a discretion not always to be found in town councils, they have invited the assistance of a gentleman of high distinction in the literary world to assist them in the arrangements. We have no doubt that this will be productive of the best results. Of course there has been an immoderate flux of poetical effusions in honour of the marriage,—for upon such occasions every poetaster must offer his bouquet to the bride, whether it be composed of roses or of cabbages. We must confess that the specimens which we have seen do not give us a very exalted opinion of our poets. Mr. WESTLAND MARSTON'S address is as dull as a page of RICHARD BLACKMORE, and if we are to anticipate a judgment upon the poet-laureate's from his additional verses to the National Anthem, his will be not much better.

That an author should get into Chancery is not surprising, but that he should appear *propria persona* to plead his own cause is a rare fact in the history of letters, the like of which has not frequently occurred. HORSE TOOE defended himself at the Old Bailey; HORNE, undefended, successfully braved an adverse judge in the great Lord ELLENBOROUGH; and Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI made a personal appearance upon the floor of the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. CHARLES READE, however, is the author to whom we now refer, for he it was who, braving the opposition of no less than two Chancery barristers, appeared

before Wood, V.C. to crave relief from the operation of a contract which he had made with Mr. BENTLEY. It appeared that the author had agreed with the publisher for the publication of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnson" upon the usual half-profit terms—which means that the author is to divide with the publisher all the profits which remain after payment of expenses, and the ten per cent. commission usually paid to publishers. Nothing was said in the agreement about the form in which the editions were to appear, and upon this hinged the question in dispute; for it appears, by the allegation of Mr. READE, that before Mr. BENTLEY had sold out the original expensive edition, he issued another at a cheaper rate, and then other editions still cheaper, until at last the price became so low that no profit was left to the author after payment of the expenses and the ten per cent. premium. From this state of things Mr. READE begged to be relieved, and that the agreement should be so construed as to take away from Mr. BENTLEY the power of cheapening the book without the author's consent. After hearing the case the Vice-Chancellor decided in Mr. READE's favour; but, inasmuch as both sides had signed a loose contract which no one could understand, he did not give him his costs. The result, however, is a lesson to both authors and publishers, by which we hope both classes will profit.

There is nothing so odious to the English mind as an attempt to restrain the free expression of opinion, provided always that that expression be restrained within the bounds of decency. This is it that renders despotism in any shape so utterly abominable to us; for does not a power supply the most condemnatory argument possible against itself when it refuses to allow its proceedings to be commented upon by the people whom it undertakes to govern? Truth and light can harm nothing that is honest and healthy; it is only the evil-doer who shrinks from inquiry—it is only the deformed who dread the light. Our complaints of this form of tyranny, as it exists upon the Continent, have heretofore been very loud, and we have pointed it out as a conspicuous proof of weakness that the continental police have not only the power of suppressing native journals which presume to be too free-speech, but also of intercepting in their passage through the post all such English and other journals as may be guilty of the same sin. What can we say, however, when we find that this very system of repression finds favour in a part of our own empire—that India is even now suffering under a censorship as severe as that which binds down Naples or Paris? Lord CANNING has suppressed several journals, and among others the *Hurkaru* Calcutta paper, for having dared to comment too freely upon his decrees enjoining clemency towards the murderous Sepoys. Certain letters, signed "Militaire," which appeared in that paper, and which have since been reprinted for private circulation, arraigned the Governor-General for this clemency, and brought down upon the journal the weight of official vengeance. We have read these letters, and can testify that they are by no means so violent as many diatribes against the Government and persons high in office which are suffered to appear every morning in the columns of the daily papers. We trust, therefore, that this strange, and, we presume, unconstitutional, conduct on the part of Lord CANNING will not be suffered to go unreprieved. We understand that he has forwarded to the Home Government a defence of his *clement* decrees. Let us hope that he has, at the same time, condescended to explain this violent interference with the liberties of the public press.

We are rejoiced to find that "Filopanti," the interpreter of prophecies to the *Morning Advertiser*, is not a myth; but, on the contrary, that he is a very substantial personage, who really did occupy in the flesh a material chair at a continental university—with what credit to himself the following communication will testify:

SIR,—Noticing in the "Sayings and Doings" of THE CRITIC your reference to the sage of the *Morning Advertiser* signing himself "Filopanti," I am led to remark that the writer is unquestionably Dr. Filopanti, professor in the University of Bologna, and one of the Roman Assembly of 1848. I may further add, that he is a metempsychosian disciple of the sternest character. So thorough a believer in, and so ardent an expounder of, the transmigrating faith can scarcely be found in this Mormonising, mania-hunting generation. It is well remembered with what earnestness he theoretically transmuted

the souls of great men through all the ages, from Adam in Paradise down to Adam Clarke, including the late Duke of Wellington, Gavazzi, Kossuth and other living celebrities—woman not excepted. Perhaps some of these individual phenomena may yet appear in the morning contemporary. If so, it will be found that Peter the Hermit was afterwards Cardinal Richelieu, and is now Alessandro Gavazzi. Dr. Filopanti's firm faith and adhesion to this highly imaginative theory is not only remarkable, but unmistakable, since, with trying privations staring him in the face, he refused to assist his friend in some important literary matters, because that friend would not become his disciple, and thus enter upon the mission which was waiting such ratification to make him the Luther of Italy.—Yours truly, J. W. K.

Lord PALMERSTON'S grant of a pension of 100*l.* a year to the widow of the late DOUGLAS JERROLD is an act the justice of which will be disputed by few. The well-known tendency of Mr. JERROLD'S writings to knit class with class, his

constant endeavour to dispel those mists of prejudice which ignorance has cast between the higher and the lower classes, and his persevering refusal to pander to the passions which envy and discontent are apt to breed in the minds of the uneducated, are doubtless unimpeachable titles to the gratitude of the Government of this country. The incident, moreover, affords fresh proof, if any such were wanted, that the charitable efforts of "the JERROLD Testimonial" committee were not unrequired.

Among the new works announced for publication during the present season by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, of Great Marlborough-street, are the following:—"Personal Recollections of the Last Four Popes," by Cardinal Wiseman; "The Book of Orders of Knighthood and Decorations of Honour of all Nations," with 100 coloured facsimile illustrations of the insignia, edited by Sir Bernard Burke; "The Countess of Bonneval,"

by Lady Georgiana Fullerton; "Recollections of West-end Life," by Major Chamber; "Novels and Novelists from Elizabeth to Victoria," by Mr. Jeaffreson; "The Two Brothers," by the author of "The Discipline of Life;" "Cousin Harry," by Mrs. Grey; "A Will and a Way," by the Hon. Henry Coke; and also new novels by Lady Scott, Mrs. Gore, Miss Pardoe, Mr. Hannay, and the author of "Wildflower," &c.

In giving to our readers the second half of the "Memoir of the Royal Academy," we beg to reiterate our apologies for its delay. Those who complain of our breach of promise would look upon the offence more leniently if they could form the slightest notion of the difficulties of such a task, where nothing has been done to pave the way, and everything had to be fished out of the most recondite sources. The next Memoir, which will be given as soon as ready, will be of the Linnean Society. L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal, with Observations on Men and Things. By CYRUS REDDING. London: C. J. Skeet. 1858.

THE capital advantage which autobiographical memoirs enjoy over those which are written by other persons is similar to that which gives to direct testimony the preference over hearsay evidence. The compiler of memoirs may, perhaps, have a wider field for his researches, and may even take credit for being swayed by less prejudice than the man who takes himself and his own times for a subject; but, on the other hand, the autobiographer supplies a link of personal interest between himself and his narrative which no extent of extrinsic information can supply, and gives to his narrative a vitality for which no amount of accuracy or impartiality can compensate. The advantage of this quality is universally, and sometimes unconsciously, recognised, and by no one more so than the professed teller of anecdotes. What is more common than to find one of these latter guilty of the "white lie," of narrating an incident as having happened to himself, when every one knows perfectly well that it happened to some other person? For these and other reasons we are inclined to think that the autobiographer, with all his faults of egotism, vanity and one-sidedness, will always be a more efficient aid to the historian than the most impartial, accurate and informed of memoir-writers.

Mr. Cyrus Redding comes to us recommended by two facts—that he has lived long among notable people, and that he has enjoyed special opportunities for penetrating beneath the surface of things. Lawyers and journalists are more behind the scenes of that great comedy called society than any other persons, and we are inclined to think that the insight which the latter obtain into the secret springs which regulate human nature is the more extended and profound of the two. Mr. Redding belonged to journalism, when journalism, as we now understand it, was in its infancy. His career, therefore, affords a valuable study, in which we may trace the gradual development of the power which leads, if it do not control, public opinion in this country. In some respects, we must confess, there seems to have been alteration without improvement. But of this more anon.

Mr. Redding is a Cornishman; some of his earliest recollections are connected with Falmouth. "I was dandled on the knee of Howard the philanthropist," says he, "and saw Lord North." He has a perfect recollection of John Wesley, as he "stood preaching upon a heap of Norway timber on a quay at Falmouth."

A servant taking me out to walk, I saw him in a black gown, his long white hair over his shoulders, as in his portraits, at which I stared at something wonderful. Children were clambering on timbers, close to where I stood. On a sudden he stopped in his discourse, turned round towards them, and called out in a clear, loud tone, "Come down, you boys, or be quiet."

The times were indeed dramatic enough to supply plenty of incident. The French war raging, the mutiny at the Nore, the was working classes starving and disaffected, and the invasion of Buonaparte hourly expected. To

meet this latter danger the wildest schemes were suggested:

We were to retire eastward and waste the country. The clergy were enrolled as guides. According to the plan of our authorities, one-half the country, or that which lay westward of the enemy's landing-place, must have been cut off, as the people there could only retreat into the sea. No provision of food had been made, so that those who retreated in the other direction, and were to waste the country, must have subsisted on air in their retreat over rocky heights and heathy commons.

When he was twenty years old Mr. Redding "set out on a lingering route from the West to London." Bath was then in its glory, and the young traveller had his eyes wide open for whatever was worthy of note. Here he saw William Pitt, of whom he says, that "his countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellent of affection and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self-will, and as a whole destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good." Here also he met Sir John Moore, "a fine, soldier-like man, of most agreeable manners." From Bath he went to London, and among other letters of introduction which he bore with him, was one to Alderman Wood,—"afterwards the stanch partisan of Queen Caroline,—a kind, hospitable and sensible man." One of the first reminiscences connected with the metropolis is the funeral of Pitt in Westminster Abbey, to which Mr. Redding was fortunate enough to gain admission. "The funeral was on a Saturday, and on the Monday the debating societies opened, of which Pitt had been much afraid"—a striking comment upon the influence which this statesman exercised over society. On his arrival in London, Mr. Redding took lodgings in Devereux-court, and dined at the Fleet-street chop-houses, where he used to meet *habitués* who still recollected Johnson and Goldsmith:

The left-hand room on entering the "Cheshire" ["The Old Cheshire Cheese," in Wine-office-court], and the table on the right, on entering that room, having the window at the end, was the table occupied by Johnson and his friends almost uniformly. This table and the room are now as they were when I first saw them, having had the curiosity to visit them recently. They were, and are, too, as Johnson left them in my time. Johnson's seat was always in the window, and Goldsmith sat on his left hand.

At St. Paul's Cathedral Mr. Redding once heard Bishop Porteus. "I have," says he, "heard many a better sermon from a country curate;" but of Rowland Hill he says that he was original, eloquent and earnest. Fox did not long survive his great opponent, and Mr. Redding was present at his funeral also; concerning which he testifies that "the affection displayed by the people was extraordinary; I saw men crying like children." These and other recollections are thrown together without much order, but they are full of interest notwithstanding. Here is an anecdote of "good King George" well worth quotation:

I was told that in passing out of town, and hearing a cry, he had put his head out of his carriage window and called "sprats" very lustily. There was little doubt of his insanity at this time, though nothing was said of it.

About this time, Mr. Redding first conceived the idea of establishing a newspaper, for which

he was fully qualified by "an acquaintance with all the details, even to the mechanical part." He did not, however, carry that idea into execution immediately, but joined a new daily evening paper called the *Pilot*, under the proprietorship and editorship of one Samuel, a barrister, who was already a journalist of experience, and who, having been in India, was a determined enemy of the Honourable East India Company. "Samuel," says Mr. Redding, "wrote with rapidity and elegance, but he possessed little imagination." After Samuel, Mr., afterwards Sir Herbert Compton, became editor of the *Pilot*. He, however, returned to India, where he became Chief Justice of Bombay, and, returning to England, died "in Hyde-park-gardens two or three years ago." Mr. Redding's duties upon the *Pilot* were, as he describes them, "desultory," ranging from the collection of commercial intelligence in the City to light articles and descriptive reporting. Anecdotes and reminiscences at this period fall so thick and fast that quotation is out of the question. Sheridan, Johnson the Smuggler, Burdett, the boy Betty, Mrs. Siddons, Grimaldi, John Kemble, appear upon the stage in the life. When Compton left for India, Mr. Fitzgerald became editor of the *Pilot*, which "rose into favour at the Horse Guards," the Duke of York supplying it with the exclusive intelligence in his department. The *Morning Chronicle* was at that time the paper "most respected for principle." Perry, the editor, was the personal friend of Fox, and among the contributors were Moore, Mackintosh, Campbell and Sheridan. The *Sun* was then edited by John Taylor the punster, and author of the farce "Monsieur Tonson." The *Times* was more noticed for "its past unmerited persecution than by its talents." Such was the state of the press during the first decade of the present century. The most prominent feature which distinguishes the journalism of the past from that of the present is the comparatively small influence which the proprietary element had in dictating the policy of the paper. Journalists look back with regret upon that time when Barnes ordered his proprietor out of the room, with an intimation that each had his proper business to attend to.

Returning to the West, for the purpose of editing a Plymouth paper, Mr. Redding made the acquaintance of Wilkie and Haydon, of whom he has much to tell. In this part of the *Memoirs* we find a mass of interesting information concerning the state of the British navy at that time. Turner the painter paid a visit to the West, and Mr. Redding relates an anecdote illustrative of his singular powers of observation. Having had a dispute with one Demaria, an Italian, as to whether the port-holes of a vessel could be distinguished after sunset:

I remember one evening on the Tamar, the sun had set and the shadows became very deep. Demaria, looking at a seventy-four lying under Saltash, said: "You were right, Mr. Turner, the ports cannot be seen. The ship is one dark mass." "I told you so," said Turner; "now you see it—all is one mass of shade." "Yes, I see that is the truth, and yet the ports are there." "We can take only what we see, no matter what is there. There are people in the ship—we don't see them through the planks."

Mr. Redding returned to town, but appears to have remained for some time unattached. This

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gave him leisure to look about him, and he appears to have employed his leisure very well in scrutinising very closely the notables of the day. Lord Eldon was then presiding over the Court of Chancery. "I remember," says he, "that Eldon used to steal into the George Coffee-house, at the top of the Haymarket, to get a pint of wine, Lady Eldon not permitting him to enjoy it in peace at home." About this time he was introduced to Madame de Stael (who was then residing in this country), and represents himself as "disappointed in the appearance of this celebrated woman." Shortly afterwards Mr. Redding had a short interval of employment, becoming, for a brief period, editor of the *Dramatic Review*, a post which he relinquished in order to engage in a statistical work on Ireland, which also was given up "because no one could be obtained who would be answerable for the illustrated portions." That these abortive but honourable plans were not conducive to profit, we gather from the note: "I set off from town to sell a small freehold of my own in one of the midland counties." At this time he became intimate with Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar), then blind, whose house, near where Euston-square now stands, but which then looked upon the open fields, was the resort of many humorists, artists and literary men. The meetings here supply Mr. Redding with a fund of anecdotes. When Leigh Hunt was imprisoned in Horsemerger-lane Gaol for the libel on George IV., Mr. Redding visited him: "His apartment, on the ground-floor, was cheerful for such a place, but that only means a sort of lacquered gloom after all." Of John Hunt, Mr. Redding testifies that "he never knew one of a more noble cast of mind." By John Hunt he was introduced to his relative West, "a man of few words, grave, and, I imagine, not possessed of much acquired information beyond his art." In speaking of John Hunt, Mr. Redding relates, as an illustration of his high spirit, that he once returned some theatrical orders to John Kemble, because the latter attempted to dictate the spirit of the criticisms in the *Examiner*. We must differ, however, and that very seriously, from Mr. Redding when he endeavours to exalt this incident into an extraordinary occurrence at the expense of all modern journalists. Still more seriously must we differ from him when he takes it upon himself to declare that "the *Times* alone came with clean hands out of a recent display of the late venal system of newspaper free admissions." The only ground for such an opinion is a statement which was once put forward by a London manager in an ill-advised moment, which was so manifestly ridiculous and untrue that it excited nothing but contempt in the minds of those who were really acquainted with the facts of the case, and who knew (as they now know) that if there be any paper within the wide circle of the English press which can be justly accused of yielding to external influences in regard to its dramatic criticism, it is the very journal which Mr. Redding selects as the exceptional paragon of honesty.

Mr. Redding was now thirty years of age, and, he tells us, he had not made money. To the modern literary man the fact will not seem extraordinary. Mr. Redding attributes this, and justly, to his not having intrigued to get himself trumpeted. About this time Napoleon was caged in St. Helena, and Mr. Redding resolved upon visiting the Continent. Proceeding via Dover and Boulogne, he was soon on French soil:

There was little prejudice visible against the English. If the feeling existed in some, which can hardly be doubted, it was repressed by the civil manner of the larger number. I encountered in "M. Pomme de Terre," or "M. Godam," all the insult I ever received, and that did not occur half-a-dozen times.

It was during the visit to France that Mr. Redding collected the notes upon which he founded what may be considered his *magnum opus*, the "History of Wine," a book which is alike distinguished for the fullness of its matter and the elegance of its style, and which is incomparably the best book on the subject extant. Whilst in Paris he saw Talma and La Duchenois, whom he praises as the finest actors he ever saw, which from one who has seen Mrs. Siddons is certainly no light estimate. During part of his stay in the French metropolis Mr. Redding was engaged as editor of "Galignani's Newspaper," a position for which his knowledge of both languages and his experience in English journalism eminently fitted him. That portion of the *Memoirs* which belongs to the stay in Paris is full of amusing sketches of life in the French

capital at this time. Once, he relates, happening to meet one of the Garde de Corps of Louis XVIII., some reference was made to the studious habits for which that monarch had a reputation. Upon Mr. Redding observing that he had heard that the King had a good library, the *garde* offered to show him the only private library which the King possessed, and an appointment was made to meet in the Tuilleries when he would be on duty:—

I was punctual, entered the palace, and we mounted on the leads, walking along by the parapet, till we came to a square court. "There, look down, that is the King's library; he has no better in this building," said my companion. The remark was a symptom of a radical change of feeling, and that the time of the old respect for a grand Bourbon King could never return. I looked down, and saw five or six cooks in white caps, spitting larks. "There," said my companion, "that is the King's private library; I know of no other."

Having the *entrée* into the best society in Paris, Mr. Redding came into contact with the most notable personages; among others, with Talleyrand, of whom he gives the following very clear-sighted estimate:—

Calm, callous, apparently untroubled by virtuous or vicious considerations, patient, far-seeing, penetrating into motive while apparently careless or engaged in thought, almost always anticipating correctly the result of an opposition to those who thought differently from himself, having credit for more acumen than he merited, and during the working out of his anticipations as unmoved as a dead body by intervening successes or reverses, which, being foreseen, did not surprise him, he stood alone in Europe, the political seer of his time.

When we say that half a volume is closely filled with the most interesting reminiscences of Mr. Redding's stay in Paris, it will be understood why we cannot do anything like justice to this part of his history. When he quitted France, he confesses that it was "with regret." "I had gone over," says he, "with many of the prejudices of my countrymen. I returned without any. I was fully persuaded that France and England had much to learn from each other to mutual advantage."

Immediately after his return to England, Mr. Redding met at Dr. Wolcott's with the celebrated Dr. Parr, and happening to be invited into Warwickshire, to "stop a gap," as the editor of a paper there for a short time, he saw a great deal of the learned but eccentric divine. The following of the doctor at a dinner at Sir Charles Greville's is very graphic:—

When dinner was over, and two or three glasses of wine had gone round, the doctor asked permission to have his pipe, saying he would go and sit by the chimney and take care the smoke went up; the Prince of Wales had allowed him his pipe at Carlton House. He was in one of his best humours. Parr's appearance, when dressed for dinner, was well becoming a divine of the old school. His huge cauliflower wig overshadowed his bushy eyebrows, and his cheeks swelled out at times when retaining the smoke, while he paused to make a rejoinder to some remark from another. Then the smoke was puffed forth in a volcanic cloud, and the doctor replied, or gave a learned dissertation upon the subject agitated. His mind was a vast mine of information; it was overfilled.

On returning to town, Mr. Redding began to contribute to the *New Monthly*, his coadjutors being Talfourd, Campbell, Robert Hunt and Beazley. Campbell was the editor; but as he was not gifted with those habits which are styled business habits, the onus of the work fell upon the others. Campbell was wont to delay everything to the last moment, and had none of that regularity which is so necessary to the conduct of even a literary enterprise. At last Mr. Redding agreed to undertake the sub-editorial duties, and how necessary they had become, on account of the irregularity of the poet, may be gathered from Mrs. Campbell's offer: "I will search his pockets, he has letters there now which I dare say should be answered. He loses, throws, or puts them aside continually, and forgets where." That Campbell was not at all fitted for the post is pretty clear from the fact that in the very first number a wag outwitted him by giving a fictitious account of the writings of an imaginary "Richard Clitheroe," who was described as "a writer of the reign of James I., who left plays in two quarto volumes, of which only one copy was extant;" a hoax which, if more decent, was about as palpable as that which was lately played upon the learned editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

At this point of the *Memoirs* may be found

some curious anecdotes of the eccentric Italian author Ugo Foscolo, in whom sensitiveness and irritability seemed to have been pushed closely to the confines of mania. Joanna Baillie, Henry Roscoe, and Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), Horace and James Smith, and Sir John Bowring joined the *New Monthly* about this time. Some entertaining private letters from Horace Smith are inserted, as also anecdotes of Hook, Blanco White, Horace Twiss, Wilson Croker, Poole (the author of "Paul Pry"), and the good-natured and eccentric Thomas Hill. Miss Mitford also became a contributor to the *New Monthly*, and Mr. Redding relates some circumstances which prove, that however simple this lady may have been in her conceptions of country-life, she knew very well how to drive a hard bargain in obtaining payment for her "copy." Six guineas per article, long or short, constituted her idea of the value of her services. Mrs. Hemans also wrote for the magazine. An infinite number of anecdotes concerning the various writers engaged in the *New Monthly*, especially Campbell and Wolcott, render this part of the *Memoirs* very lively.

An abundant crop of those pretty drawing-room table volumes called "the *Annals*," made their appearance between 1820 and 1830. Mr. Redding states that he was "besieged for contributions" for them, and that he sent many contributions to several, but always anonymously, excepting in the case of Alaric Watts's "Literary Souvenir." Mr. Redding regrets that the fashion of these compilations has passed away; because, although many of them were only made to sell, some contained matter of real merit. That is true enough; but there is no way of controlling the humours of the public, and the mere fact that these volumes cease to appear is a sufficient proof that they are no longer wanted. It must be confessed that few of the "Annals" were anything but beautiful ephemera, and it is certain that all the valuable matter which would appear in them if they were in existence finds other channels to the public eye.

Of Hazlitt, whose writings for the magazine were "of distinguished ability," Mr. Redding gives a life-like portrait and many anecdotes. "He was a pallid-complexioned man, with features by no means striking nor uncommon. They indicated no want of thoughtful expression nor of energy. His hair was dark, his eyes speaking, and his forehead good. His person was insignificant, almost vulgar, and under the middle stature. His manner plain, and sometimes even *gauche*. His temper was wayward." There are also some capital anecdotes about Colton, the author of "Lacon." Referring to the appearance of "Vivian Grey," Mr. Redding reminds us of the almost forgotten fact that Mr. Disraeli at that time conducted anonymously a paper which was little better than a polite kind of satirist, and which was called the *Star Chamber*. "Mr. Disraeli reviewed and extolled his own book in its columns." The fact of an eminent man beginning public life by personal attacks is by no means uncommon; for the last few years supply us with the case of a gentleman who attained a respectable position on the magisterial bench, and who died in all the odour of loyalty and sanctity, who began life by publishing the coarsest and most scurrilous attacks, not only upon individuals, but upon royalty itself.

Among the crowds of shifting images which pass across the glass of Mr. Redding's memory, some are of deep and abiding interest. Washington Irving, for instance, is met with at a dinner at Campbell's, and is described as being "somewhat taciturn." At evening parties, or after dinner when the wine circulated freely, I never heard a jest from his lips."

About the end of 1830, both Campbell and Redding retired, the one from the editorship and the other from the sub-editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. This secession was the natural consequence of a long series of interference with their duties which these gentlemen had sustained at the hands of Mr. Colburn, the proprietor. One of these was the rejection by Mr. Colburn of Warren's "Diary of a Late Physician," after its acceptance by the editorial department; the consequence of which was that that admirable series of papers found their way into the pages of *Blackwood*, of which periodical the clever author has ever since been one of the chiefest supports. It is a curious fact, however, that the injustice which one proprietor committed was atoned for by another; for when "The Diary" was sent to *Blackwood*, it was rejected by Wilson, and was only inserted at the

express instance of Mr. John Blackwood. When Campbell left, Talfourd and most of the old contributors left also. Of his own secession Mr. Redding observes, sensibly and truly enough:

The publisher and myself separated civilly enough. As usual, no labour, no goodwill, no spirit connected with a literary work in similar cases tell. The bare letter of the task is to be achieved in proportion to the mercenary contract—the mind thrown into it or not, it is precisely the same. This is one of those things of which traders have no appreciation, while it is a damper to advantageous literary exertion. Shilling and pence men cannot comprehend it.

Bulwer became the new editor, and when Campbell left, after an ineffectual attempt to draw him back, he was insulted in the very magazine which his name had made successful by the insertion of the disgraceful "Few Words with the Public," in which his secession was compared to the dismissal of a tipsy typographer. Bulwer did not long continue in the editorship. Hook then tried it and failed; then Hood, and then Ainsworth. Poor Hood, in a letter to Mr. Redding, complained bitterly of Colburn's interference. "He cramps me in every way," wrote the unfortunate editor.

After the secession from the *New Monthly*, Mr. Redding, under Campbell, joined the *Metropolitan* then started by Mr. Cochrane, a publisher. Moore, who had refused to touch the *New Monthly*, joined this; as also Montgomery of Sheffield; Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; Moir (the "Delta" of *Blackwood*) and others. Their connection with the *Metropolitan* lasted two years, when, by a change of proprietorship, the periodical passed to Captain Marryatt.

As we approach nearer to the present day, the reminiscences of Mr. Redding naturally lose some of their peculiar interest; still there is plenty of matter to arrest the attention of the careful reader. A letter from Pierce Egan, on meeting with the Guiccioli (whom the ladies of the party did not hold to be "quite proper"), a boozing match with the accomplished Christopher himself—such are the matters which meet us at every page. If experience bring fitness, Mr. Redding was worthy to write a "History of Wine," seeing that he, as he says, actually vanquished the Giant of the North at his own weapons. Having brewed some rum punch, which Kit himself (no mean authority) pronounced to be "excellent," he kept to him glass for glass; and when they parted, the great North was "evidently much exhilarated." I (adds Mr. Redding) was bold, and insisted on a stirrup-glass at parting."

There is a good deal about Peter Borthwick, which is probably more truthful than flattering; and a better impression conveyed by a portrait of Beckford than is generally conceived of the author of "Vathek." The death and funeral of Campbell give the text for a friendly but, we have no doubt, very fair estimate of his character. Mr. Redding's next literary engagement (after the appearance of his "History of Wine") appears to have been upon the *Examiner*, in which he was invited to assist Mr. Fonblanque, whom he terms (with what might perhaps be deemed "faint praise") "the neatest political writer of the day." Afterwards he mentions a publication "of a cheap character," the name of which is not specified, in which Horace Smith, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Watts, Douglas Jerrold, and Mr. St. John were to assist, and a project for a biographical dictionary, which came to nothing. Since that time Mr. Redding seems to have faded out of public journalism.

Whether, as Mr. Redding states, "a treatise on the venality of criticism remains to be written," is a question which we can scarcely be expected to discuss at any length. Mr. Redding's experience may have led him to the conclusion that venality is not uncommon among the press; but if, by that sentence, he intends to infer that it is the rule rather than the exception, we can only express our sorrow that his lot was not cast amid associations which would lead him to a happier result. Let that pass, however; it is the fashion of the mon of a bygone age to bewail the degeneracy of their successors, and has been so ever since Homer, and doubtless even before. It is sufficient for us to be able to thank Mr. Redding cordially for his very interesting and useful work, and to hope that, in doing so, he will acquit us of the slightest suspicion of venality.

Anecdotal Memoir of the Princess Royal. (London: Houlston and Co.) Designed for the occasion; this little book, after a short sketch of the lives

of the Princess and her husband, collects a number of anecdotes of her, some authentic, some doubtless, very apocryphal, and prefaces them with a portrait that is not a likeness.

Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. Two Lives. By the Rev. Jas. White. (London: Routledge.) Brief biographies such as one would expect to find in a good biographical dictionary. They will much amuse those who have not leisure to read longer ones, but who yet desire to know something of the histories of men whose names are household words.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Beautiful in Nature, Art and Life. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. London: Longman and Co.

MR. SYMINGTON has sought "to enter the great Temple of the Universe by the 'gate which is called Beautiful,' and endeavoured to show that it is built according to ONE mighty plan, its combinations and diversities ever being referable to higher unities, and these again to laws yet more general: our finite minds alone preventing us from assigning all things whatever to an absolute unity." We are afraid, however, that Mr. Symington has been enabled to penetrate at most no further than the Court of the Levites, and that the Holy and Holy of Holies have been pitilessly closed against him. We shall endeavour to state, as briefly as possible, the reason of his failure. In the first place, we cannot agree with him as to the subject-matter of the beautiful. He has quoted in one place a saying of Cousin, which may serve very well for a starting-point. "Philosophy," says M. Cousin, "turns upon the fundamental ideas of the true, the beautiful, and the good. The idea of the true is psychology, logic, metaphysics; the idea of the good, is public and private morals; the idea of the beautiful, is that science which in Germany is called *æsthetics*, the details of which pertain to the criticism of literature and the arts, but whose general principles have always occupied a more or less considerable place in the researches and even in the teaching of philosophers, from Plato and Aristotle to Hutcheson and Kant." Mr. Symington, however, has chosen to unite Nature, Art, and Life, as the idea of the Beautiful. This classification, we are inclined to think, is either too narrow or too extensive. If we are to include Life, there seems to be no reason why science, physical and metaphysical, should not also be included. Indeed, Mr. Symington himself seems to have more than once doubted whether he was right in omitting these branches of philosophy from his scheme. Again, he understands art to refer only to those subjects of which we are cognizant by the senses of sight and hearing. We are perfectly aware that this is the general idea. But Sir Isaac Newton, whom he himself quotes, was inclined to believe that some general laws of the Creator prevailed with respect to the agreeable or displeasing affections of all our senses. Indeed, there seems to be no reason why gastronomy, for instance, should not be raised to the dignity of an art as much as painting or music. Vatel or Carême could, no doubt, have expatiated upon the laws which regulate the agreeable in matters of taste, if not with the eloquence, at least with something of the philosophy of Ruskin or of Reichardt. There are, undoubtedly, very strong analogies between scents and colours; and more than one writer on the Beautiful has thought the sense of touch not unworthy of being classed with those of hearing and of vision.

On the other hand, Mr. Symington's classification may be too comprehensive. We would allege the authority of Burke, certainly not inferior to the authorities whom he quotes in favour of his view.

From what has been said we may easily see how far the application of beauty to virtue may be made with propriety. The general application of this quality to virtue has a strong tendency to confound our ideas of things; and it has given rise to an infinite deal of whimsical theory. This loose and inaccurate manner of speaking has therefore misled us both in the theory of taste and of morals; and induced us to remove the science of our duties from their proper basis (our reason, our relations, and our necessities), to rest it upon foundations altogether visionary and unsubstantial.

With this view we are disposed to agree. In point of fact, it is only by an artifice of rhetoric that the term beauty has been applied to the perfection of a moral life. Such phrases as the defor-

mity of evil, the harmony of a spiritual life, the beauty of holiness, are figures of speech and nothing more. The proper epithet to apply to a perfect life is a life of goodness. But goodness is not beauty, except in a metaphorical and inaccurate acceptance. Nor is it easy to see how the principles of art can be made available for the guidance of life. No doubt a mind cultivated by art and literature may derive advantage from these sources even in the practice of ordinary duties; but it is absurd to suppose that art or literature has any necessary tendency to improve the moral faculties. The co-existence of the highest artistic culture and a low moral standard are, unfortunately, too common. It is possible to have a perfect scientific acquaintance with the details of the Parthenon, to understand the laws of colour better than Chevreuil himself, to be a master of the mystery of thorough-bass, and yet not to be one step advanced towards "the harmony of a perfect life."

The word beauty, in its primary sense, was applied to the agreeable nature of the sensations derived from the objects of sight. This is the only philosophical usage of the word. In this sense, the subject-matter of the beautiful would be confined in the first instance to the material universe, in the second to the imitative arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving and the like. But custom has insisted on classing with them music and literature. For this there is some justification. Music has undoubtedly many scientific analogies with form and colour, and may be placed on the same footing as sculpture and painting without any violent wrong. The case of literature is somewhat different. Without losing sight of the fact that art is "a symbolising of divine attributes in matter," it is in its essence imitative. On this ground literature may claim a legitimate connexion. We see no objection to the view which Mr. Symington takes of her claim:

What has been affirmed of painting and sculpture, is also in a great measure applicable to poetry. With the same ultimate end, there is a difference in the means, and its capabilities are more widely varied. Instead of form, colour, &c., we have language as a direct medium, conveying impressions of love, truth, beauty, and delight to the mind, without the intervention of any outward image or illusion—words themselves being symbols. Poetry, to a great extent, combines the "objective permanence" of the plastic or pictorial, with the "successive development" which belongs to music. It is thus capable of vividly representing a series of incidents or thoughts moving along, and is not, like painting, a daguerreotype of one given moment. With a vocabulary, which, though subject to local change of language, is otherwise unlimited in its range of illustration, poetry affords the greatest scope for reaching at will the inmost thoughts, feelings and sympathies of men.

The analogies, then, which exist between the fine arts and literature are sufficiently cogent to justify us in classing them together, and in investigating the laws which govern them in their perfection. But beyond this we are not prepared to go. Mr. Symington, at the close of his second volume, gives as a definition of beauty: "The result of the free operation of the positive laws which govern the mind of man and outward nature." According to this definition, there is no reason why the solution of the problem which determined the elements of Neptune, the group of Niobe, and the tragic loss of the *Birkenhead* should not all be termed beautiful. But it will be difficult to persuade any rational man that the emotions excited by these different subjects are in any way identical. There is no good gained by these wild attempts at generalisation; and we should be content patiently to investigate those sciences which are clearly connected, without losing ourselves in the maze of idle suppositions. The labourers in the paths of science, art and literature must work faithfully in their several spheres, collecting facts and treasuring results. The unities in the great "Temple of the Universe" will be their own interpreters; and the result will more certainly be obtained by such a reasonable process of induction, than by the creation of arbitrary hypotheses, to coincide with which facts are tortured without mercy.

But it is time that we should attempt to give some account of the manner in which Mr. Symington has carried out his plan. We are sorry to say, that here too we shall have some objections to raise. We admit his plea, that it would have been impossible, in the space at his command, to give more than an outline of his subject; but we think that he might have employed this space more judiciously. To take the

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section on Sculpture as an example. Of the thirty-seven pages devoted to this art, ten are monopolised by Phidias, between five and six are given to a digression on nude statues, one page more brings us at a leap down to Michael Angelo, and the remainder contain little else than a rapid catalogue of sculptors, not too happily selected. Moreover, of the whole thirty-seven pages, thirteen are quotation, pure and simple. Surely it would have been possible, even in this scanty space, to treat the subject somewhat more systematically. But, quitting this ungrateful task, let us turn to examine the sections on Painting, Poetry and Music, which are by far the best. Mr. Symington traces the first of these from its traditional origin in the profile of her lover, which the daughter of Dibytades traced on the wall, following the outline of his shadow cast by her lamp. He gives a rapid and lively sketch of the progress of the art amongst the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, glancing at Etruscan and Byzantine art, and expanding into nobler proportions, as he passes from the period of the *Renaissance* to modern times. His criticism of Raphael is full of sympathy and delicate appreciation:

Raphael, the prince of painters—"the divine"—united in himself almost every species of artistic excellence then known; blending all with unimitated, inimitable grace, tenderness and harmony. His works overflow with humanity, and appeal irresistibly to the affections. Michael Angelo somewhat resembles Dante, even to those occasional passages of tender and touching beauty which are to be found in the "Divina Commedia." His daring imagination created giant forms, belonging, as it were, to a higher sphere. His peculiar domain was the intellect, which he peopled with abstractions. Raphael, with genius of the highest order, learning, unrivalled powers of invention, composition and expression, displaying simplicity, profundity and sustained grandeur, whether in historical subjects, portrait or moral allegory, scarcely yields to Michael Angelo in sublimity, and to him alone, because, giving each its due place, he subordinates the intellect to the heart, and gives us reality—humanity under its purest, fairest, sweetest, most lovable aspect. The greatness of Raphael may be said to consist chiefly in his having united and harmoniously blended more of the various requisites of perfection, as observed in nature herself or recorded in the experience of genius, than any other historical painter. The purity, dignity, exquisite grace, natural sweetness, simple beauty, loving tenderness, and ecstatic joy mingled with wonder, that beam from the eyes of the Madonna di San Sisto in the Dresden Gallery, touch all loving hearts.

A considerable space is given to Turner, amongst modern painters, a fact of which we by no means complain. But surely it would have been only just to give a fuller account of such painters as Constable, Leslie, Macleise, Sir Edwin Landseer, and many others whose names are but barely mentioned. This fault, in fact, pervades the whole book. In each subject one or two great names are chosen—for example, Shakspeare and Wordsworth in the section on poetry; Phidias in that on sculpture; Beethoven, Handel and Mozart in that on music. Before those gods of his idolatry Mr. Symington burns all his incense, and finds himself exhausted when he comes to the Dii Minores.

The chapter on Poetry treats of the subject in a tolerably systematic manner. In the epic series he briefly enumerates the poems of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and the *Niebelungenlied*. But, in reference to Homer, he makes no mention of the *Odyssey*, a poem which few scholars now-a-days would hesitate to place above the *Iliad*. Virgil, too, should rather be remembered as the author of the *Georgics* than of that mediocre performance which constitutes his title to an epic fame. The only lyric poets mentioned amongst the Greeks are Pindar, Sappho, Alcaeus, Tyrteus, and Anacreon. And in this brief enumeration he makes two blunders. He attributes the celebrated scolon on Harmodius and Aristogeiton to Alcaeus; and he assumes, after the masterly summing up of Mure, that Sappho was guiltless of the vices laid to her charge. Amongst the French poets, Mr. Symington can find place only for Corneille, Racine, Molière and Béranger. The French are certainly weak enough in this branch of composition; but Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Chénier, La Fontaine, are surely entitled to a place in any Pantheon of poetic genius. In Italy we find no mention of Manzoni, Filicaja, or Leopardi. In Germany only two dramatic poets are cited—Goethe and Schiller, although the name of Lessing might be supposed to be of some consequence in any account of the drama.

In England, Dryden, Pope, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, are barely alluded to, or not even mentioned. We should scarcely think it necessary to draw attention to these omissions, were it not for the fact that Mr. Symington can find place to cite "that brilliant constellation of poetic genius, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Tighe, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Norton, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Landon." Curious must have been the judgment which presided over the choice of these claimants to poetic fame.

The wind whistling in a broken reed, or moaning through the dried tendons of the tortoise, which Hermes found on the banks of the Nile, may be very convenient as a theoretic origin of music; but, since Mr. Symington grants us the alternative, we prefer the solution contained in the lines of Tennyson:—

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

Music, in fact, must have been coeval with creation—a natural impulse of the human heart. Ages before Moses and the children of Israel sang their triumphal ode on the overthrow of Pharaoh, every emotion which can actuate the breast of man must have found a vent in song. How the two-stringed lyre, which we find pictured on the monuments of Egypt, became first the tetrachord, and then the heptachord in Greece, how the simple melody of the ancients was developed into the gorgeous and massive harmonies of modern times, would be interesting to examine, but would employ too much time. We prefer to give two quotations, which may illustrate the characteristics of Handel and Beethoven. They are taken, we believe, from an article in the *Quarterly*, which has been republished in a separate form, but which is too little known.

In reference to Handel:

We feel that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfils our highest conception of divine utterance—that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of men to express—as if those stupendous words, "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Prince of Peace!" could hardly be done justice to, till the lips of angels and archangels had shouted them through the vast profound in his tremendous salvos of sound; and yet that, though the power of such passages might be magnified by Heaven's millions, their beauty could hardly be exalted. We feel in that awful chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," that those three magical notes, which announce in claps of thunder "That all flesh—shall see—it toge—ther," might better belong to an order of ethereal beings, with wings, that they might rise spontaneously with the sounds, than to a miserable race who are merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel they hardly stand upon it when they hear them.

Of Beethoven:

His grand "Missa Solennis" is the most wonderful moving *tableau* of musical painting that was ever presented to outward ear and inward eye. Each part is appropriate in expression. The "Kyrie eleyson" is a sweet Babel of supplications; the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" is a rapturous cry; the quartette "Et in terrâ pax—hominibus bonæ voluntatis," is meant for beings little lower than the angels; the "Credo" is the grand declamatory march of every voice in unison, tramping in one consent, like the simultaneous steps of an approaching army; the "Ante omnia Secula" is an awful sustinment of the music in regions separated in time and space from all we ever conceived in heaven or earth.

We do not think justice is done to English composers. The notice of Purcell, "incomparably the greatest musician of the English school," is meagre and unsatisfactory. Sir Henry Bishop, too, receives but very curt acknowledgment. Yet the greatest master of that species of composition which is almost peculiar to England—the glee and madrigal—might have claimed a worthier tribute.

With all these defects, there is much in Mr. Symington's volumes that is interesting and attractive. From the various treasures of different nations and of every age, he has collected an inexhaustible fund of apt quotation and eloquent criticism in reference to his favourite subjects. His work is a medley of noble thought, inspired by the genius of the most imaginative and enthusiastic of mankind. If the taste which has presided over this, the most valuable part of his work, had been seconded by an equal judgment in the conception of the subject and the distribution of the matter, we should have had a standard work, which, unfortunately, we must still hope for from the future. If a second edition should be called for, we would suggest the omission of

the section on Life, and a more systematic arrangement of the other topics. It will be necessary, too, to correct a few misprints, which have unaccountably escaped notice. The student of literature may well be at a loss to recognise the poems intended by the *Eniad*, the *Metamorphosis*, the *Edipus Colonus*; or the historical personages indicated by the Emperor Atonius, and the philosopher Heraclites. Painting and music must feel uncomfortable in the company of such unknown artists as Apellis, Rapheal, Hadyn; of such works as the *Entführung* of Weber, or the *Jephtha* of Reinthaler. There is a reckless disregard of accents, too, in French names; and in German, whether vowels be modified or not, seems to be of no account whatever. But there are some mistakes which Mr. Symington must himself correct. The lines which commemorate the origin of the musical nomenclature, invented by Guido d'Arezzo, are given in this fashion:—

UT queant laxis, REsonare fibris,
Mra gestorum, FAMula tuorum,
SOLvi polluti, LABii reatum.

Sancti Johannis—

in which there are no less than four mistakes of spelling and five of punctuation. For *Famula*, *Solei*, *Sancti Johannis*, read *Famuli*, *Solee*, *Sancte Johanne*: remove the commas at *laxis*, *fibris*, *gestorum*, and *polluti*, which are of no use whatever, and substitute a comma for the full stop at *reatum*. Some sense may then be obtained. Mr. Symington is also wrong in referring the rise of the drama to the Thespian cart (in one place written Thesbian, in another Theban). The error arises from confounding the platform of Thespis with the wagon of the comic dramatist Susarion. Twice there is a reference to the "human voice divine." The true expression is the "human face divine." It occurs in Milton's celebrated invocation of light, and derives half its force from the blindness of the poet. It is not usual to assign the *Renaissance* to the fourteenth century; and it is utterly impossible that "the Hebrew prophet" should have gazed on the "painted imagery" of Nineveh 3000 years ago. Even if he ever gazed on it at all, of which there is no evidence, he could not have done so in the time of the Judges. Lastly, had not Mr. Symington better procure the aid of a translator when next he attempts to render the classics? To take a single instance. Horace, in his epistle to the Pisos, writes:

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces—

which is thus translated—"I will order the learned imitator to respect the exemplar of life and morals, and hence draw words." We defy any one unacquainted with Latin to extract a particle of sense from this English. What can be the meaning of "respecting the exemplar of life and morals?" The true meaning is, that the imitator, when skilled in the rules of art (*doctum*), is "to look to living characters as his model," and hence derive language "instinct with life." But the word *vivas*, according to Mr. Symington, is superfluous. We might quote many similar instances; but this must suffice. As we have before said, the book derives its chief value from the multitude of ingenious, eloquent and apt quotations which constitute a large proportion of the two volumes. But to render the whole treatise worthy of a permanent place in our libraries, both method and detail must be materially altered.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW edition of the *Apocalyptic Sketches; or Lectures on the Book of Revelation*. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. (London: Hall, Virtue and Co.), demands but slight notice from us. Vol. I., entitled "Things that were," is all that is yet published, but it is to be followed by a second volume on "Things that are," and by a third on "Things that shall be hereafter." In the preface to the present volume we are complacently told that "the author earnestly prays that God's rich blessing may descend on the study of a work which all late events, from Sebastopol to Calcutta, clearly vindicate and confirm." Now, if our recollection serves us rightly, this is so far from being the case, that many of Dr. Cumming's predictions have been clearly falsified by the events that have taken place within the last few years. In the second volume he will perhaps explain to us what he means by this bold assertion.

It is a misfortune with some people that they

can never disagree with their neighbours upon any subject but they must straightway write a book or a pamphlet about it, "scribimus indocti doctique." The evil habit pervades all classes, but is more especially rife among theologians, a larger class perhaps than any other, for almost every one now-a-days whatever may be his work-day calling, reckons himself to be a theologian. We don't hold strictly with the maxim of "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," for were such a rule made absolute, we should never have had a "Pilgrims Progress" on the one hand, or a "Tristram Shandy" on the other. But we must own that we prefer the "Virginus" of Sheridan Knowles to a sermon of his that we once heard him preach; and should it be ever our good fortune to see Mr. Harcourt Bland perform at one of the Theatres Royal we doubt not that we shall admire him more as a "Dramatic Artist" than as a theological controversialist. The singularity of his position, however, might still gain him some readers were it not that the bulkiness of the volume he has just published seriously militates against it. It is upon the everlasting Apocalyptic question, and is entitled—*The Apocalyptic History contained in the Book of Revelation solved upon an entirely new and consistent principle. With a copious Appendix.* By HARCOURT BLAND, Dramatic Artist of the Theatres Royal, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bristol, &c. (Glasgow: Murray and Son) Mr Bland, it seems, is dissatisfied with the prevailing interpretations of the Apocalyptic, and justly so, as we have no doubt. "No one commentary which has yet come under his observation can, if weighed impartially, be fairly considered conclusive, or even commonly satisfactory."—Neither Bishop Newton's, Mede's, Fleming's, Elliott's or Dr. Cumming's, which is the same as Elliott's. All these render, sometimes figuratively, and sometimes literally, just as it may suit their purpose at the time such words or symbols as "the earth," "the sea," "a city," "fire," "ships," "death," "blood," "hail," &c. This may be the case, but why it should disturb Mr. Bland's digestion, and put him to the labour and expense of writing and publishing a large book about it we cannot see. Having determined to publish, however, he should have condensed his subject within reasonable limits. As it is the reviewer is at a loss to seize upon its salient points. All that we can afford to say about it is, in the author's own words, that he has "a strong bias in favour of the pre-millennial theory, as well as a fixed confidence in the hitherto received Protestant views concerning the two witnesses, the river Euphrates, the seven heads of the beast, the wilderness, &c., &c."

An important contribution to the Church History of the United States has appeared in the form of *A History of the Presbyterian Church in America, from its origin until the year 1760, with Biographical Sketches of its early ministers.* By the Rev. RICHARD WEBSTER, late Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Mauch Chunk, Pa.; with a *Memoir of the Author*, by the Rev. C. VAN RENSSLAER, D.D.; and an *Historical Introduction*, by the Rev. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D. (Philadelphia: Wilson.) This work is published under the auspices of the Presbyterian Historical Society, and forms the first volume of their publications. It must be regarded, therefore, as coming forth with a certain amount of authority, although the society disclaims being committed to any controversial statements it may happen to contain. Its author died in July 1856, at the comparatively early age of forty-five, leaving behind him some important historical manuscripts, of which the present is one. He was according to numerous testimonies, not only a devoted minister, but a good antiquary and historian. The work now published was left in an imperfect state, embracing little more than half a century; "but," says the editor, "it will nevertheless be highly appreciated by the public as a valuable repository of Presbyterian history and biography." Mr. Van Rensselaer by his "public," of course means an American public, since for English readers such a work can possess scarcely any interest.

A Biblical Exercise on the True Site of Calvary. By HENRY S. BAYNES. (London: Stevenson.) We are fated continually to have our faith in the sites of the holy places disturbed by the researches of modern travellers. Mere tradition obtains but small reverence from them, and we are not surprised at their unbelief when, upon visiting Nazareth, they have pointed out to them the residence of the virgin, and are even shown her kitchen, parlour and bedroom, while in

another place they are taken into a room which they are assured is built over the veritable site of Joseph's workshop. But about the site of the crucifixion itself, it might be thought there would be no difference of opinion. Neither indeed was there any before Dr. Robinson prosecuted his "Biblical Researches." He it was, we believe, that first threw discredit upon the commonly received sites of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. "If it be asked," he says, "where then are the true sites of Golgotha and the Sepulchre to be sought? I must reply that probably all search can only be in vain. We know nothing from the Scriptures than that they were near each other, without the gate and nigh to the city, in a frequented spot. This would favour the conclusion that the place was probably upon a great road leading from one of the gates; and such a spot would only be found upon the western or northern sides of the city, on the roads leading towards Joppa or Damascus." For this statement Dr. Robinson has frequently been censured in such terms as these, "Why should any one attempt to disturb the belief or acquiescence of the Christian world on a subject concerning which all nations have hitherto found reason to agree?" (Bishop Michael Russell.) To censure, however, in such a case, is not quite so philosophical as to examine what amount of truth an author has upon his side, and this is what Mr. Baynes has done in the little tract before us. That Calvary was without the city we must take for granted upon the testimony of Holy writ, and the usage of the Romans with respect to places of execution. But the site now shown is clearly within the city. "No ingenuity of writing or of mapping can accommodate its exclusion to the form which the city must have taken in all reason, and especially when, instead of being as now two miles, it was four miles in circumference." Mr. Baynes, from a careful study of the narrative of the Gospels, and the topography of Jerusalem, concludes that the place of our Saviour's suffering must have been less than a mile out of the city northward from the Damascus, formerly the Ephraim Gate. This would bring us to the "same suburb as that appointed for the observance of the vicarious rites of the Jews; for close by was the place for the burning of the sin-offering, the cleansing of the leper, and the driving away the goat bearing the imputed sins of the people." If this be the true site, as Mr. Baynes endeavours to show, there is much significance added to it by its proximity to the place of the Jewish vicarious rites. But if so, we must rid ourselves of the notion that Calvary was a mount. "The notion," says Mr. Baynes, "of Calvary being a mount is untenable upon Bible grounds. By the three first Evangelists it is simply said, 'When they came unto the place called Golgotha,' or Calvary, and by St. John, into the place;—terms, these, which do not describe a mount. Nor is there, besides, a word in any of the Scriptures which denotes it to be so." We cannot conclude without thanking Mr. Baynes for the very clear and orderly manner in which he has placed this subject—one of so much interest—before us.

Mr. Bohn has added to his "Household Library" a new edition (the seventh) of *Sturm's Morning Communion with God*, translated from the German by W. Johnstone. It is a work too well known to need description.

EDUCATION.

Locke on the Understanding. Edited by John Murray, with Questions by the Rev. G. B. Wheeler. (Dublin: Kelly.)—This is the third edition of a book more famous than deserving. We certainly should not place Locke in the hands of youth. Mental science has made vast progress since he wrote. To use him in teaching now is to make a movement backwards.

The Young Lady's Guide to Arithmetic. By John Greig. (London: Simpkin and Co.), has passed into a new edition. It certainly does not appear to us to simplify the study of arithmetic; the only peculiarity about it is the familiar form of illustration, choosing for examples the ordinary business of life, as the making out of a bill, the calculation of travelling expenses, and such like.

The Playground; or, the Boys' Book of Games. By GEORGE FORREST, Esq., M.A. (Routledge). PLAY is as much a part of education as book-learning. In play children pick up not merely strength and health, but a great deal of positive knowledge of themselves and of others. They learn

to measure their own power both of action and of endurance, and how the feelings of other people are to be consulted as well as their own. The playground is a great moral teacher, and should be used accordingly. All active sports should be encouraged, whatever tries the muscles, or exercises the ingenuity. The author of "The Boys' Own Book," in the little volume before us, has described all the out-of-door games which boys can play, and told how they are to be played, and what are the rules of the play. The majority of them are old acquaintances, but some are new to us, probably inventions since we revelled in the playground.

Parable from Nature. Second Series. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (London: Bell and Co.)—In all ages and countries children have delighted in the fanciful work of giving tongues to trees, and human thoughts and feelings to birds and beasts. Mrs. Gatty has availed herself of this propensity and ministered to it by six more parables.

SCIENCE.

The Radical Theory of Chemistry. By JOHN JOSEPH GRIFFIN. London: Griffin.

THE author proposes to prove that the laws of organic chemistry are as simple and orderly as the laws of inorganic chemistry; he combats many of the current opinions of chemists, and produces a new theory of the constitution and atomic measure of the gaseous salts and radicals; a new method of determining the atomic measures of compound gases; a new theory of vice-radicals of salts, and some eight or ten others which will doubtless interest the scientific world, but which will probably be unintelligible to the general reader. We do not pretend to offer an opinion upon them; we merely announce the fact that such a book is published.

The Enlarged Prostrate; its Pathology and Treatment, &c. By HENRY THOMPSON, M.D. London: Churchill.

THE subject of this treatise is unhappily one of wide-spread importance. The disease of declining life, it is the parent of great suffering and of premature death. Mr. Thompson having made it a special study, has given to the world the results of his investigations in a volume which will doubtless be eagerly read by all practitioners and by many sufferers.

Elements of Mineralogy. By JAMES NICOL. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

A POPULAR treatise on mineralogy has been long a desideratum, and the Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen has well supplied the requirement. The principles and facts of the science are explained in the simplest language consistent with accuracy. The results of the most important chemical analyses are stated, without those details which embarrass the beginner and bewilder the unscientific reader, and a practical view is given of its applications to geology, mining and the arts.

Chemistry of Agriculture. The Food of Plants, including the Composition, &c. of Manures. By CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D. Dublin: Kelly.

A TREATISE on manures, expressed in popular language, so as to be intelligible to the practical agriculturist. Dr. Cameron lucidly describes the composition of organic bodies, the nutriment of plants, the rotation of crops, the relationship between the plant and the soil, the manner of manuring, and then the various kinds of manures, showing to what particular soils each is best adapted. This brief sketch of the manner in which the subject is handled will show the landlord and farmer what a fund of profitable information is contained in this small volume.

Zoology; being a Systematic Account of the General Structure, &c. of the principal Families of the Animal Kingdom. By WM. B. CARPENTER, M.D. A New Edition, by W. S. DALLAS. Vol. 2. London: Bohn.

THIS volume completes the new edition of Dr. Carpenter's great work on zoology, at once the most scientific and the most popular book upon the subject. Mr. Bohn, introducing it into his "Scientific Library," and so bringing it within reach of the pockets of persons of small means, has illustrated it lavishly with wood-cuts, which add vastly to its value and interest. Almost every page has one or more engravings. Every student of natural history should possess himself of this work.

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FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Adele; a Tale. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Orphans. A Chapter in a Life. By the Author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland." 1 vol. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE novels of Julia Kavanagh are distinguished from the herd by freshness of conception and composition. They have a distinctive character of their own. They are more like one another than is altogether to be approved, but they are unlike the novels of any other person. Open them anywhere, and you would know the page before you to be hers. This cannot be said of some, even of those who attained to a reputation at the circulating libraries; and it is never found in the multitude of bad fictions with which the press is overburdened by incompetent writers. Julia Kavanagh has fairly won for herself a high position in the literature of fiction, because she has thrown herself upon her own resources, searched her own memory and used her own eyes and ears, instead of taking at second-hand from other novelists. She has resided long in France and Belgium, and is intimately acquainted with the character, as well as with the private life, of the people in the provinces. There she has laid the scene of *Adele*, and judiciously she has taken her personages from the class she knows so well. Hence, truthfulness pervades the story. We feel, as we read, that if they are not portraits, they are persons who might have lived and acted and talked just in the same manner. *Adele* is the story of a man in middle life, who marries a young woman, and the troubles they encounter are the incidents of the narrative, for plot it can scarcely be called. William Osborne, the husband of *Adele*, is an Englishman engaged in some ironworks in France, with his wife's family and friends about him, and he, of course, the victim of all their feuds and troubles; the villain of the tale—for every novel, like every play, must have its villain—is a half-brother of Mr. Osborne, a scoundrel who had once aspired to the hand of *Adele*, and who, in revenge for his disappointment, plots her ruin; and to accomplish it, forges her name to a correspondence with a *roué*, who was besieging *Adele's* virtue according to the French fashion. Out of the maze of family intrigues, and the many new and remarkable characters thus brought upon the stage, all of whom are developed with uncommon distinctness and rare individuality, a story is constructed which will interest those who care more for the plot than the writing. But the merit of this new novel lies in its composition.

The *Orphans* is the latest product of an author who has certainly not quite sustained the reputation achieved by her first performance. In none of her succeeding works has she equalled "Mrs. Margaret Maitland." Perhaps it is that she writes too much and too fast. That novel had been carefully read and re-read, corrected and revised, and probably re-written. Having won fame by it, and something more, she was doubtless tempted to rush again into print, as speedily as the pen could fly over the paper; and now her productions seem to be less able than they are, because compared with her own achievements—the most dangerous and disheartening of all tests by which to try an author.

The *Orphans* is a recovery of a portion of the lost ground, but not of all of it. Still it is a grade below "Margaret Maitland." In one respect we like it better, for it does not bristle with Scotticisms; the characters are English. But then the authoress is not so well acquainted with English as with Scotch character, and her personages are not so real and life-like. The *Orphans* is much more the product of her reading than of her observation. The people she puts upon the stage are taken from other novels. Sir Willoughby is not a creation, but an imitation. Mrs. Herbert, too, although wrought with great skill, is an artificial being, wanting those small traits by which we distinguish the real from the ideal—the work of the eye from that of the memory. It was by the faithful portraiture of the minutest traits of character that "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" so charmed the reader. That charm is wanting here; and therefore, critically, the *Orphans* must be pronounced as of less merit, although standing far above the average of the novels of the season. As a story, it will probably please the reader more than it commends itself as a work of art to the critic.

Villette. By CURRER BELL. A New Edition (Smith, Elder and Co.)—This new issue, in a cheap form, of Miss Brontë's best novel, will be very welcome. It is one of the few fictions we should wish to place upon the bookshelf, for it will bear to be read again and again.

The Colonel's Daughter; or, Life is but a Dream: a Tale. By Mrs. CLARE. (Saunders and Otley.)—A tale written with excellent intentions, but the execution does not equal the design. As a work of art it cannot be critically approved. The story is amusing and the moral is unexceptionable, but the writing is singularly wordy, rambling and inartistic. The authoress has ability, but she wants experience; she must practice a great deal more before she can venture to aspire to a position in the literary world.

Mount Gars; or, Marie's Christmas Eve. (Parker and Co.) is a tale "adapted" from the German of Stifter. What this novel phrase means we know not, unless it be a transformation similar to that which French plays are subjected to when the plot is stolen and clothed in an English dress. However that may be, the story as we have it here is a very pretty one, and will please and profit children greatly.

Forty-five Guardsmen. By Alexander Dumas, is another most agreeable addition to the "Parlour Library." The more frequent appearance of translated novels is an indication, we hope, that English readers are beginning to prefer them to the original trash written by our fifth-rate novelists at home. We shall hope to receive a succession of equally excellent translations of equally clever novels with this one.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Poetical Works of Robert Story. London: Longman and Co.

IF there be such a creature as a crabbed critic, let him say a good word for Robert Story's book, and it will atone for much of the torture which he has inflicted on others, and much of the misery which he has imposed on himself. A book more honest and hearty never grew out of the constructive brain of a poet. Robert Story, like Robert Burns, was a ploughman, a toiler on the soil, and, like Burns, he shows in his own proper person that the Muses, though fabled to inhabit a high estate, have no exclusive partiality for "the Upper Ten Thousand." Pitt, by his notorious liberality to Burns, acted as if he thought the Muses had made a mistake, and sadly descended from their dignity by favouring a poor ploughman. Because they had been so liberal, he became niggardly. The minister believed in their royal blood, and he had not the modern instances of Edward Capern and Robert Story—not to mention others—to teach him how much they delight to sit by poor men's firesides. But so it is, that the light and rapture of minstrelsy, like God's own sunshine, often throb within and about the cottage homes of England. Were it not so, poverty would be dreary indeed, and the gulf between luxury and need would be an awful gap in nature. That man can never strictly be termed poor who yearns to beauty and turns from deformity, or if a poetical idea glitters through the gloom of his physical condition. In this sense Robert Story has wealth which none of Victoria's coins could purchase. Hence we do not agree with him when he says, somewhat ungraciously, of the spirit of his muse, "It found me poor at first, and it has not made me rich." There are riches which are not composed of metallic substances. Robert Story had a princely legacy when, in the little village of Howtel, and being then only eleven years old, he felt charmed with a copy of Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs for Children." He, as a herdsboy, carried the book to the hills—the grand old hills—and into lonely places, his heart, he says, "burning with secret rapture."

"Then," he goes on to say, "the mountains, the clouds and the skies took an aspect of poetry and religion." We have no doubt Robert Story has lived to learn that there can be no religion apart from poetry. It is only those who in emotional life are unlike Mr. Story who feel the hardships of a condition of daily toil, for toil is sweetened or embittered by the agency of mind. What a delightful state of life young Story's muse have been we can easily infer, not only from his poetry, but from many little glittering bits of prose introductions. For instance, in a sweet poem entitled, "The few Corn Fields," he heralds his muse by saying, "Those lines were addressed

to Peggy Richardson, a young and pretty girl of Calder, on the Roddam estate, with whom I reaped more than one harvest." The italics are ours, but they are delightfully suggestive. Who would not rather be Robert Story, the incipient poet, reaping the golden corn with a young and pretty girl, than King "Bomba" with a bad digestion, sitting down to luxurious meals on an incipient earthquake? And yet it is not the companionship of brawn and beauty which is remarkable. The fields of merry England witness many such scenes—scenes which sweeten the hard brown crust of the labourer. It is not the vividness of memory recalling those pleasing circumstances which makes Mr. Story distinct and superior to his class. It is the power of fixing those early pictures on the pages of his book which raises him from the rank of ordinary men. There are few more charming poems extant than this one to sweet Peggy Richardson. We intend to cull a few verses which will show how a bright playful manner mingles with those shadowy reflections which will come unbidden to the human heart:

On Roddam's harvest-land, who now

Bid the hot day undebbing fly?

Is there a maiden fair as thou?

Is there a lover fond as I?

Don't recollect—when, side by side,

'Twas ours to lead the jovial band—

With what delight, and heart-felt pride,

I saw thee grace my dexter hand?

Don't recollect—"mid sickles" jar—

How rang, at jests, the laughter-chorus?

Our line, the while, extending far,

And driving half a field before us!

Don't recollect, at resting time,

Announced by Roddam's village clock,

(Methinks e'en now I hear the chime!)

The squeeze beside the yellow shock?

Don't recollect—when half asleep

Thy mother and thy grumbling sire—

The pleasant watch we used to keep

For hours beside the smothered fire?

But where art thou? and where am I?

And Roddam's corn-fields, where are they?

Ah! where the days when thou wert nigh,

The rainbow of my darkest day?

Is that the hand I loved to grasp?

Thine cannot be that cheek so wan!

Nor thine that waist I used to clasp,

A waist that my two hands could span!

Well; time does but to us award

The fate of millions felt before;

And I am Roddam's youthful bard,

Thou Calder's fairest flower no more!

We observe that those poems were written over a space of thirty years, and we can more readily trace the different phases of opinion than the growth of poetic art. Whether from the advantage of late emendation, or whether from the first natural aptitude of the minstrel, we have no means of knowing; but certain it is that the early pieces take rank with the later productions. Mr. Story's political effusions are remarkable for the entire absence of the gladiatorial force and destructive energy which placed Ebenezer Elliot without a rival. His humble condition never soured his manhood, and he hurls no sharp arrows of hatred against the wealthy and the powerful. Almost the only poem written in a desponding mood is one which does credit to the heart of the writer; entitled "The Union Workhouse." It may be quite true, that the Right Hon. M. T. Baines was the first minister who made the New Poor Law Act "tolerable," but he wholly failed to recommend it to the freedom-loving soul of the poet.

Our readers will recognise a touch of fine feeling in the following:

My William died in London,

In London broad and brave;

His little life was but a drop

Dash'd from her mighty wave!

And few there were that mourned my boy,

When he went to his grave.

Few mourned—and when we laid him

In his earth-bed cold and low,

Nor hire, nor mate, I said, should stand

In mimicry of woe;

But genuine tears, from eyes he loved,

Flowed forth as still they flow.

I thought—but that was weakness—

I had rather seen him laid

In the distant, rural, green churchyard

Near which a child he played,

With daisies o'er the turf to bloom

And no dull walls to shade.

We have said enough, and quoted enough, to recommend this volume of poems. We need only add that it is beautifully sent forth by the printer, for which the public are indebted to the Duke of Northumberland, his Grace having paid the necessary expenses. It is something to the credit of a duke—it is much, in our estimation—to assist a worthy and manly poet.

Songs of Early Spring. By ROWLAND BROWN. A PROVINCIAL publication of a small collection of poems of more than average merit, from the pen, as we are informed, of a young printer. We give one specimen; but the others are quite equal to it, and some are better. We hope soon to welcome Mr. Brown in a more imposing form, with a metropolitan publisher. He deserves to be better known:

MY FAVORITE NAME.

There is a sweetly, simple name,
Which hath a mystic spell,
Unknown to Fortune or to Fame,
Yet Memory guards it well.
'Tis graven deep in letters bright,
Upon that secret scroll,
Where none but Love's blest names are traced—
The tablet of the Soul!
I never feel it on my lips
In hours of toil or pain,
But thoughts of Peace, like violets smile
When bless'd with April rain,
And oh! enshrined with jealous care,
This Talisman within—
Has kept me in Temptation's hour
From many a snare of sin.
Blest is the heart, to whom a name
So favored has been given,
As hers, which first, on bending knee,
I breathe in Prayer to Heaven.
For oh! this is the star of Thoughts,
Which sheds a light divine—
This name so very dear, will soon
Be garlanded with mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By HERBERT SPENCER. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

THIS is a collection of excellent essays, which the author has reprinted from the principal quarterly reviews, e.g., the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Westminster*, in which they were published originally. We stated some time since our conviction that such republications ought not to be encouraged as a general rule; and that reviews and articles which are ephemeral in their interest and their mode of treatment ought to be suffered, without hindrance, to die the early death which is natural to them, and that they ought not to be tortured into a more protracted existence by the misplaced tenderness and the morbid resuscitations of parental philoprogenitiveness. Short life is the common lot of even uncommon thinkers now-a-days. Once men caught and treasured up even the random words of the seer; prized them like Delphic oracles, and stored them in records like Sibylline leaves. The prophet and the orator were synonymous and identical. The reviewer has inherited or assumed the functions of both; but his fate is less happy. He is anonymous and unknown even in the zenith of his momentary fame. He passes away far more rapidly than the grass from the field and the flower from the valley; and his place knows him no more. Ask for him in the week, or even the day after publication, and you will find him, like Mercutio, a "grave" man. Friends may have extolled, a public may have admired, only a few hours before, that which, a few hours later, has already faded from their memories and passed into oblivion. It "may bind a book—may line a box—may serve to curl a maiden's locks," but it must not hope for any higher ultimate distinction. Great lesson to mortal vanity. Excellent extinguisher of mortal pride. Our fathers were more or less happy. Mediocrity in their days had a reasonable prospect of immortality, or at least of a Horatian century. Literature was so rare a novelty and so curious an exotic that even common-place and plagiarism had a chance of longevity. Now-a-days learning, grown to a plethora, dies of her own too much, so that the wisest and wittiest must be content to haunt for a moment, and then go down, a sapless and unregarded thing, into endless night. There is a doubtful consolation in such a case in the chance that, if a man has happened to have said or written a good thing which has been accidentally interred with him, a sorrowful friend may at some future day dig open the forgotten vault, exhume the buried gem, and wear it to his own advantage and ornament, but not quite as a souvenir merely of a deceased sentiment.

It is very natural, although rather silly, in poor humanity to protest against this common lot. It is indeed hard that a man's best things—and such things—are to be talked about only for a week, or a day, or an hour, as the case may be. Even a London season is a short term; and even a fashionable novel sometimes lives out,

although it seldom outlives, a London season. Talk of a fashionable novel and my political, metaphysical, sociological, æsthetic essays in conjunction! The juxtaposition is positively preposterous: really too absurd. That is created the thing of the hour. They were written for all ages and all time. Ah! my dear friend—my brother and my countryman—how about that wicked story of Voltaire and Rousseau, when the former read the ode which the latter had written to posterity. "The letter will never be delivered to the address." It is a very pretty child and very like its father; but it won't live long. You may dress it in morocco, and fold it in superfine paper, and garnish it with beautiful letter-press, and even deck it in gold and initials of divers colours. It is no use; it is really of no earthly use; it may live out the season, not a day longer. Never mind; we have all to go through the same sort of thing—*Omnes eodem cogimur*—although, of course, we are small fry, and must not speak as the equals of our ambitious brother. Yet, if he were to take our envious advice, he would die quietly and decently in his bed, and like a gentleman, without any fuss, and without troubling his friends unnecessarily. Not so Mr. Spencer. He is rather a troublesome invalid, and is determined to die hard, and, if possible, to make a noise. A wilful man, especially in such a crisis, must have his way. Mr. Spencer will be heard and will take no denial. Let us humour him and hear him.

We repeat that these essays are very excellent and very readable. They betray something of the complacent self-sufficiency of the universalist; and the individual—Mr. Herbert Spencer—who is quite unknown to us, is unconsciously self-portrayed very perceptibly by his own pen. He shows—or has he only copied?—much of that very ingenious, very copious and very dogmatic elocution by which his favourite and, manifestly, model—Emerson—has acquired a reputation. We think so well of Mr. Spencer that we believe he would have done much better if he had kept clear of models—especially models from the school of American egotism—and had trusted to his own vigorous, independent and original intellect. And having said, according to our sense of duty, something against the rationale of Mr. Spencer's publication and the style of his composition, we rejoice to say something from a similar sense of duty about the intrinsic worth of his essays. They have not only a *prima facie* value as contributions to our best reviews, but they are really or apparently the genuine thoughts of a clever man, who is also a clever writer and a scholar. The subjects, as he says, are not of ephemeral interest, and, therefore, they may be profitably read and pondered by every one. Some of his theories, if not new, have a novelty of treatment which is entitled to careful attention. Of course they contain paradoxes, and push sound theories to extremes. But this is a fault of all inventive minds; and the substantial value of Mr. Spencer's volume will not be lessened because it is necessary to receive his views with many limitations.

As a specimen of his merits and defects we cannot point to a better illustration of both than to his essay on "Manners and Fashion." Mr. Spencer is a man of progress: a staunch supporter of the very newest theories and creeds, whether in morals, religion, politics, natural or transcendental science. He will have nothing old. It is an abomination: it is the unclean thing; it is the wasted superficies of an internal sham, and so let it vanish away. Yet, rather old, although very interesting, is the historical connection which he traces between the creeds and manners of people; and very just is his observation, that the latter are the growth of the former, which they long survive. Yet it is only not startling because it is entertaining to see to what an absurd extent Mr. Spencer pushes a very sound and ingenious theory. All manners are ceremonies: and all ceremonies originate either in the worship of the Deity, or, as Mr. Spencer learnedly speaks, in Fetichism or in that king worship and hero-worship of the one best honest man who was the Utopian despair of Diogenes and continues to be the worry of Mr. Carlyle's life. We all know that he is somewhere—but he cannot be found; and advertisements do not reach him, and are answered only by pretenders. This coming gentleman, it seems, has kept Mr. Spencer also in a state of expectation and fidget: especially as it seems that some remote ancestor of "the party" instituted all creeds and all customs. We keep the customs, and have forgotten the creeds. How absurd, says Mr. Spencer! Why am I to be tied

to a custom or my grandmother's apron? Only because it is a custom, and because the apron is my grandmother's. If she had not worn it I might go about and do as I like. See what a fool I look while I am led about by it.

The position is just: we mean the logical, not the physical, and still less the moral position of Mr. Spencer: but he shows such an inclination to run and riot like a naughty and mischievous boy, if he were let loose, that really we cannot at present advocate his liberation from the old lady's tyranny. I want to know, says Mr. Spencer, Why I cannot go to an evening party in a morning coat and coloured trousers? Why I must wear white kid gloves at the same stupid affair; Why I cannot address a letter to a friend or a gentleman without sticking the absurd adjunct of Esquire after his name? Why must I eat fish with bread and a fork? Why must I sport a white cambric handkerchief in the drawing-room? Why must I take off my hat in the streets to a lady with whom I am acquainted? Mr. Spencer sees in all these comparatively inoffensive customs the degradation of human nature. He repudiates—he spurns—our servile folly. He tells us that "we are slaves and know it not; that we are shackled and kiss our chains; that we have lived all our days in prison and complain at the walls being broken down." He gets into a very pretty passion on all these matters—a passion which, in our younger days, we should perhaps have thought sublime. As it is the case seems to us to be one of ocean lashed into fury for the undignified purpose of drowning a fly.

A very complete answer may, we think, be given in a very few words to the fallacy which pervades this part of Mr. Spencer's really good argument. His question is shortly—why are any of the common decencies and civilities of life to be maintained? We reply—merely because human nature is neither amiable, nor benevolent, nor wise enough to do without them. There are two kinds as there are two common definitions of politeness. According to one definition it is "benevolence in small things": a gracious, tender and sensitive desire to do all that is pleasant, and to refrain from doing all that is unpleasant to the feelings of other people. No quality is more rarely possessed. Few men—few even of those who are fairly entitled to the name of gentlemen—having any pretension to or any perception of it. Among the better class of women, and the best class of ladies, it is thoroughly known, although by no means habitually exercised even by them. But politeness has another and lower but more practical definition. It is "fictitious benevolence": and it is this fictitious benevolence which forms the essential connection of society, and without which every man's hand and every woman's tongue would be against those of their fellows. Courtesy is alternately the shield and the sword of social intercourse. It repels impertinence, or inflicts legitimate retaliation without danger to the Queen's peace. It effects by a bow—a vague smile—a quiet look—a scarcely perceptible inflection of the voice—and in extreme, but only in extreme cases—for in such only it is necessary or strictly allowable—by a remote but meaning innuendo, that which Mr. Spencer would have us effect by the clumsy and brutal expedient of plain speech, or, in other words, of open foul-mouthed insult. It suppresses on the lips the hasty egotism which, while absorbed in itself, is careless of the pain it gives others; it promotes all the charming duplicities without which life is a battle field, and society a futile armistice. It masks enmity, jealousy, indifference in a uniform and outward amenity and suavity which, although, as we all know, a mere transparent artifice, have all the pleasure of an illusion and all the utility of convenience without any of the turpitude of hypocrisy. Yet citizen Spencer believes this indispensable system to be all bosh; and does not see why he should not thrust his gloveless hands, if he find it convenient, into the pockets of his shooting-jacket at the tea-fight of the female citizen Palmerston or Guelph, and tell them, after a familiar nod, that the whole thing is a bore and quite irreconcilable with a state of nature and of reason.

Much more to the substantial point, and to the real grievance, is the admirable reasoning which Mr. Spencer brings to bear against pernicious fashions, which are real and grave examples of social tyranny. When society tells a man to take off his hat to a lady, or address a penniless gentleman as esquire, the rule is founded manifestly in good taste and good feeling. When

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society requires him to wear a cylinder hat, which makes him look ugly and gives him a headache, there is excusable cause for grumbling; but conformity is still the safe and prudent law for small men. But when society goes on to require extravagant dress, to suffocate you in crowded assemblies, and to make you talk and listen to insufferable commonplace by the hour, it is a mere question of mercantile calculation whether the advantages of extended connection overbalance the temporary sacrifice of personal comforts. Men want friends, and women want husbands; and awkward as the expedient of fashionable parties seems to the liberty-loving Mr. Spencer, who manifestly prefers his slippers and dressing-gown in his study and his chop at the club, we think that the aggregate of social boredom, vast as it is, is a necessary and fair price for the profit which flows from it. We wish, with Mr. Spencer, that we could enjoy ourselves a little in a sociable way, and talk naturally, instead of having to hear and to yawn out stereotyped sentences at those dreadful evening parties. But *que voulez vous?* They manage these things better in France. We hope for them, but do not expect to see them in England.

Turning to a very different subject, let us notice Mr. Spencer's Essay on Over-legislation. A good subject; well thought out, well written, and well systematised. Yet the author's optimism underlies and impairs the value of his argument. The text is that the Legislature should, as a general rule, limit its action to the preservation of peace and order, and leave individuals as much as possible to the impulses of their own enterprise. Proof of this argument is given in the very patent fact that that which private enterprise does is generally done well; and that which the Legislature or Executive does is as generally done ill. Instance our private transport service system; instance the private institution of railways; instance Government blunders in the Crimean commissariat; instance, since Mr. Spencer's essay, the Indian business. The newspapers have had much to say, as we all know, on these subjects; about red-tapeism, the circumlocution-office, &c. Substantially we agree in all that Mr. Spencer says, but with a grave exception. The British Constitution is a very glorious thing, especially as a preservative of liberty: so say we all. Unfortunately it is adapted to nothing else; and, consequently, whenever it interferes with local government and private conduct, the result is in nearly every case a blunder. Unity of purpose is incompatible with division of power; and with us all power is subdivided into infinitesimal fractions. Hence, private enterprise ought not to be either unnecessarily taxed or controlled, simply because there is no one master mind to act as its superior, but only a surplus of cooks who make very bad broth. A chef like Soyler would be invaluable if we would give him plenary power and plenary responsibility; but the thought in itself is terrific: treason: despotism: Louis Napoleonism. Very probably; and we do not want it a bit more than Mr. Spencer wants it; but then why throw the blame as he does on the poor British constitution? Yet take Mr. Spencer's own instance of railways. Does he venture to tell us—as he does virtually—that private persons and private companies have done the work better than it would have been done if Government had taken up George Stephenson instead of subsidizing M'Adam and pooh-poohing the Liverpool and Manchester railway? Here was a matter which was clearly not one of local detail, but which was general and as vital to the country as the arteries to the human system. Here, if ever, was a case in which the Legislature and the executive might and ought to have interfered without suggesting any of the horrors contained in the idea and word—centralisation. Surely in the matter of railways there might have been more legislation, which would not have been over-legislation. Yet that mighty system sprang up spontaneously, and changed the face of modern civilisation with scarcely any legislation but such as was of an obstructive or barely permissive kind. Great nobles who left Trevelthick to starve; who laughed to scorn George Stephenson's Northumbrian brogue; who withdrew opposition only when paid twenty or fifty fold the market value of their land, deemed that they had amply served their country in thus guarding and filling their own purses. It mattered little to them; on the contrary, it was highly lucrative to encourage a ruinous competition among speculators by which only vulgar shareholders and the low people suffered. The

railway mania and terrible crash of 1845 was due wholly or chiefly to legislative non-intervention: to a negligence—a cowardice—or a treachery which has reaped indeed later, but not more disastrous fruits in the monstrous irresponsibility of our existing joint-stock company system. Surely no more striking lesson is needed to satisfy us that, if centralization in small things is the destruction of local and personal liberties, the absence of centralization in large national enterprises, and especially in matters of traffic with which the whole community is vitally connected, is the sure indication that the large and ignorant majority of its members has been delivered over as a prey to a keen minority of speculators and sharpers. The Legislature ought not to check enterprise, except to extirpate fraud; but to extirpate fraud it must check enterprise. It must remember that its functions are meant especially for the protection of the simpleton against the sharper, not merely in matters of violence, but in those of that transcendental roguery which the progress of education has unhappily developed. On these subjects there must be legislation, however blundering, and Government intervention, however galling it may be to the free-born Briton. Swindling has superseded rapine; and it is against swindling that future legislation must be mainly directed. Yet no such legislation can be successful without a strict surveillance of the private conduct, and possibly even of the financial condition of individuals. It is even possible that it may be necessary to require returns to Government of every person's private mercantile speculations as well as of his income. Such a principle would be only a slight extension of the income-tax system, which has shown that, in a case of necessity, even an English people will submit to a scrutiny which the most iron-handed despotism could scarcely render more severe or more revolting to a free man. But we must pause, once more thanking Mr. Spencer for his very valuable and suggestive essays, which we heartily recommend to all our readers. PHILLO.

A Handy Book on Property Law. In a Series of Letters. By Lord St. LEONARDS. London: Blackwood and Sons.

The veteran lawyer and ex-chancellor has wisely employed his leisure, not merely in writing books for lawyers, but in the humbler and far more useful task of making known to the general public, in a singularly intelligible form, certain portions of the law of which it behoves every man to possess some knowledge. All who possess property should have some acquaintance with the general rules by which that property is regulated, not that they might dispense with the aid of lawyers, for that would be to verify in their own persons the proverb that so unceremoniously designates the man who is his own client, but that they may know when a lawyer is wanted and how they may avoid trouble by observance of the rules of law. This has been the aim of Lord St. Leonards, and he has accomplished it with entire success. No railway book is more readable than this law book for the people; the language is so plain, the style so clear, the description so graphic. What a useful book it is, the following extracts will prove:

FIRE INSURANCE.

A word of advice about your fire insurance. Very few policies against fire are so framed as to render the company legally liable. Generally the property is inaccurately described with reference to the conditions under which you insure. They are framed by the company, who probably are not unwilling to have a legal defence against any claims, as they intend to pay what they deem a just claim, without taking advantage of any technical objection, and to make use of their defence only against what they may believe to be a fraud, although they may not be able to prove it. But do not rely upon the moral feelings of the directors. Ascertain that your house falls strictly within the conditions. Even having the surveyor of the company to look over your house before the insurance, will not save you, unless your policy is correct. To illustrate this, I will tell you what happened to myself. I have two houses in different parts of the country, both of which open from a drawing-room by a glass-door into a conservatory. The one I had insured, for a good many years, from the time I built it; the other I had insured, for a few years, from the time I bought it, in the same office, when a partial fire broke out in the latter, and I was then told by the office—a highly respectable one—that my policy was void, as the opening to the conservatory rendered it hazardous, and if so, of course both policies had been void from their commencement. I was prepared to

try the question, and ultimately the objection was withdrawn, and my loss was paid for. Upon renewing my policy, with some alterations, I actually had some difficulty with the clerk of the company to induce, or rather to force him, to add to the description the fact that the drawing-rooms opened through glass doors into conservatories. In treating, at a later period, for a policy with another company, I required them to send their surveyor to look at the house and the stoves, and everything to which objection could be taken were shown to him. The company then prepared the policy, and made it subject to the report made to them by their surveyor, referring to it by date. This report I never saw, and the objectionable stoves, &c., were not noticed. Of course I had the reference to the report struck out, and the policy made correct, but not without some personal trouble.

HOW TO MAKE A WILL.

But not to trouble you with nice distinctions, I advise you to make your will in the following manner:—Take care that if written on several sheets of paper, they are all fastened together, and that the pages are numbered. Sign your name at the bottom of each sheet, and state at the end of your will of how many pages your will consists. If there are any erasures or interlineations, put your initials in the margin opposite to them, and notice them in the attestation. The attestation should be already written at the end of the will. . . . The two persons intended to be the witnesses should be called in, and told that you desire them to witness your will, and then you should sign your name in their presence, and desire them each to look at the signature. Your signature should follow your will, but should precede the signatures of the witnesses, for, if you were to sign after they have signed, your will would be void. When, therefore, you have signed, they should sign their names and residences at the foot of the attestation. You will observe that, according to the attestation, neither of the witnesses, although he has signed the attestation, should leave the room until the other witness has signed also. Remember that they must both sign in your presence, and therefore you should not allow them to go into another room to sign, or even into any recess, or any other part of the same room, where it is possible that you might not be able to see them sign. If, therefore, you do not choose them to sign after you at the same table or desk, have a table placed close to you before they come into the room, so as to create no confusion, at which they can and ought to sign before leaving the room. If you were to send your servant, who happened to be one of your intended witnesses, out of the room even for a table, he must leave the room before you sign. If after your death a question were to arise upon the fact of your having signed in the presence of both the witnesses present at the same time, the man would of course admit that he left the room before you did sign, and then imagine what reliance would be placed upon that fact in cross-examination, and in the address to the jury. The precaution which I recommend would prevent this difficulty from arising.

DANGERS OF TRUSTEESHIP.

An officer in the East Indies advanced 2000*l.* to the Company on one of its loans at 10 per cent., redeemable at the end of ten years; he returned shortly afterwards to England, and ordered his interest on the 2000*l.* to be paid to him in London, which he had power to do; he died in a short time, having bequeathed his property to a trustee to convert it into money and invest it in the usual way, and to pay the interest to his wife for life; and, after her death, to pay the principal to another lady. After his death, the trustee, finding the fund not payable for some years to come, although it might have been sold, followed the testator's example, and, leaving the money undisturbed, paid the 10 per cent. to the tenant for life. In 1813 the loan was paid off by the Company, and the money was invested by the trustee in the Three per Cents.; and it so happened, by a fall in the funds, that with the money the trustee was enabled to purchase 826*l.* stock beyond what would have been obtained had the trustee, as he ought to strictness to have done, sold the loan at the end of a year after the testator's death, and then invested the money; so that, in consequence of his neglect, the fund was increased by upwards of 800*l.* stock. In 1820 the lady, then entitled to the fund, who had not before taken the trouble to inquire about the fund, filed a bill against the trustee for a breach of trust, and he was decreed to pay to her all that he had paid to the tenant for life beyond 3 per cent. on the loan, amounting to upwards of 1000*l.*, and the court positively refused to allow him to set-off the 826*l.* stock, the benefit which she obtained in consequence of the very act—viz. the delay in converting the fund, of which she complained.

CAUTION TO A MORTGAGOR.

Pay the money yourself to the mortgagee, and see the deed executed. Do not pay the money to the person bringing the deed, although executed and the receipt signed, unless by the written authority of the borrower; for the mere possession of the deed by the solicitor or agent will give him no authority to receive the money. It is not safe in all cases to rely on mortgages apparently duly executed, and brought to you by the regular man of business of the borrower

to whom it has been delivered by your solicitor to get it executed by his client the borrower. Unhappily, I have known more instances than one of forged mortgages having been delivered to an unsuspecting lender. In one case, the lender and his solicitors were assembled, waiting for the mortgage-deed which was to be brought duly executed by the solicitor of the supposed borrower, who was confined to his bed by illness; and at length tired with waiting, a messenger was just being despatched to the supposed borrower's house, when the solicitor, who had evidently been delayed in concocting the forged deed and its attestations, arrived with the deed executed and attested, and received the money. He escaped detection at the moment, but ultimately left the country. The lender, of course, lost his money. These instances will make you cautious, but will not lead you to suspect men of character and reputation.

RIGHT OF WAY.

"If there are rights of way over the property, you cannot object, although they are not noticed in the contract. A right of way is not a latent defect, and you ought to inquire. If you buy a mine, and it is full of 'faults,' you will be bound, for they are incidents to a mine, as you must have known, and therefore ought to have inquired. The very name of the place where the property is situated may mislead you; for example, a house 'in Regency-square, Brighton,' was sold by auction in London, and the buyer bought on that description, never having seen the house. But the houses running from the north-west corner of the square into an adjoining street, although in no respect within the square, had always been numbered, and named, and treated as part of the square. This house was unluckily for the purchaser, in the street and not in the square, but he was compelled to take it, as he ought to have inquired."

Here is a hint on

SETTLEMENTS.

The Statute of Frauds, to which I have so often referred you, requires agreements made upon consideration of marriage to be in writing, and signed by the party to be charged therewith, or his agent. A letter, however, is considered a sufficient agreement if it contain the terms, and amount to an offer. In one case a man wrote a letter, signifying his assent to the marriage of his daughter, and that he would give her £1000; and afterwards, by another letter, upon a further treaty concerning the marriage, he receded from the proposals of his letter. And at some time afterwards he declared that he would agree to what was propounded in his first letter. It was held that this letter was a sufficient promise in writing; and that the last declaration had set up again the terms in the first letter. Reliance, however, should never be placed on a mere letter. Equity will, in some cases, relieve a party on the ground of fraud, although there is not a valid agreement. A man of the name of Halfpenny, upon a treaty for the marriage of his daughter, signed a writing, comprising the terms of the agreement; and afterwards designing to elude the force of it, and get loose from his agreement, ordered his daughter to put on a good humour, and get the intended husband to deliver up the writing, and then to marry him, which she accordingly did; and Halfpenny stood at the corner of a street to see them go by to be married, and afterwards refused to perform the agreement. He was, however, compelled by equity to do so; although while the case was before the court he walked backwards and forwards, calling out to the judge to remember the statute, which he humourously said, "I do, I do;" and he held the case to be out of the statute on the ground of fraud.

We conclude with a sketch of

A MARRIED WOMAN'S RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

I must yet give you some information about the rights of property in married women. Both real and personal estate may be settled upon a woman for her separate use, so as wholly to exclude any right of the husband, and such a provision generally enables the woman, although married, to dispose of it by alienation; but this may be, and frequently is, guarded against by an express clause against anticipation, which, during the marriage, effectually prevents any alienation of the fund. A wife having a separate estate cannot be compelled to contribute to the family wants, or to maintain her children. Although a married woman with her husband can convey or transfer all her interests in real property, yet neither she nor her husband can deprive her of any interest provided for her out of mere personal estate—funded property for example—to take effect on her husband's death. So that if you provide a portion for your daughter on her marriage, and settle it on the husband for life, and then on your daughter for life, and then to the children, you may feel assured that your daughter will benefit by your bounty on her husband's death. Many attempts have been made in Parliament to take away this security, and to enable the husband and wife to sell her life interest, and so strip the woman of the provision made for her. These attempts have hitherto been successfully resisted, but a partial measure has just been carried, providing that married women may, by deed acknowledged in manner required by the Act, with their husband's concurrence,

dispose of every future or reversionary interest to which the woman, or her husband in her right, shall be entitled in any personal estate under any instrument made after the 31st December 1857, and relinquish or release any power she has, or her right or equity to a settlement out of any personal estate; but this power does not extend to any reversionary interest, which she is restricted from alienating, nor does it enable her to dispose of any interest in personal estate settled upon her by any settlement, or agreement for a settlement, made on the occasion of her marriage.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S. Edited by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Vol. 10. London: Newby.

This volume contains the Memoirs of Adam Smith, Dr. Robertson and Dr. F. Reid, read by Professor Stuart before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The memoir of Adam Smith was published in the Transactions of the society; the others were issued in separate pamphlets, and the three were collected and reprinted in a single volume in 1811.

To these memoirs, which have no great merit as compositions, and still less as biographies, Sir William Hamilton has prefixed a memoir of the author. This occupies very nearly one-half of the volume, and it is a laborious document, having the great merit of not being too much spun out, as is the vicious custom with modern biographers, who expand into six volumes a narrative that might be better told in one.

Should the literary season just beginning present an opening for it, we may return to this volume for a sketch of the career of the philosopher whose collected works it appropriately closes. If we should be prevented by press of novelties from doing so, we recommend the reader to procure and peruse it, and then, perhaps, he will be tempted to study the great works of him whose retired and thoughtful life he has been contemplating.

Outram and Havelock's Persian Campaign. By Capt. G. H. HUNT. To which is prefixed a *Summary of Persian History.* By GEORGE TOWNSEND. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1858.

ALTHOUGH the memory of the Persian campaign of 1856-7 is well-nigh effaced by the overwhelming rush of Indian events, the recent and deplorable death of the noble Havelock will revive the natural interest in everything connected with his brilliant career.

Captain Hunt's narrative is written in a dashing, soldierlike spirit, and the introductory chapters by Mr. Townsend have great value in preparing the mind of the reader with a great deal of information respecting Persia and the Persians which (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Timbs) is "not generally known."

A Woman's thoughts about Women. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

THE popularity which was enjoyed by "John Halifax, Gentleman" will ensure a favourable reception for anything from the same pen. We have so frequently entered into the "female movement question," that we can do little more than recommend this as a sensible and well-written review of the true position and duties of women. Without claiming a seat in Parliament for the sex, this writer truly urges that the great desideratum is *something to do*; that the general tendency of female education is to impart little beyond a smattering of many things, and a number of what, generally speaking, turn out to be useless accomplishments. The duty of self-dependence is also urged; and there are some exceedingly valuable remarks upon female professions and handicrafts. To all who take an interest in this question this volume will be very welcome.

A Week at the Bridge of Allan. By Charles Roger (Edinburgh: Black), is a new edition of a work of established reputation among Scottish tourists. Few, indeed, would think of visiting Scotland without this volume in the portmanteau. Each successive edition has added to the information collected and to the illustrations, until it has become something more than a guide-book—a topographical history of the district extending twenty miles round the Bridge of Allan, including the most interesting objects in North Britain.

Mr. James Dodds has published his *Inaugural*

Address on the opening of the Guthrie Monument in Sterling (Drummond). It is somewhat too magniloquent, perhaps, but sensible in substance.

The Dictionary of Daily Wants is designed to be a sort of alphabetical handbook of that kind of information required in the ordinary affairs of life. The first part exhibits the excellence of the design and the care with which it is executed. But we should think better of it if it were not mixed up with some charlatanisms about prizes, which, moreover, is a violation of the law, and will subject the publishers to heavy penalties, and we doubt if even the subscribers would not be liable.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. Vol. VIII. No. 1. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. London: Longman and Co.

THE subjects treated of in this number are varied and interesting. Among them are the following: Professor Wilson, of University College, Toronto, discusses the supposed prevalence of one cranial type throughout the American Aborigines. Professor Rogers, on ozone observations, shows that the usual tests, even those of Schonbeim, are not to be altogether relied upon. Dr. A. Smith points out the diseases in the climates of Peru, taken on the rainless districts of the coast, and in various degrees of altitude. Mr. Baxter extends his researches on the origin of the muscular and of the nerve current in the living or recently-killed animal and on the polarized condition of the muscular and nervous tissues, from the points well established by the researches of Mattiensi and Du Bois Raymond. Robert Russell, of Killwhiss, discusses the rotatory theories of storms as propounded by Reid, Redfield, Dore, Thom, Herschel, Espy, Hopkins and others, arriving at the conclusion that with regard to the winds of extra-tropical latitudes, Professor Espy's theory best accords with all the phenomena. The volume contains the usual *résumé* of the proceedings of the different scientific societies, reviews and notices of books, and general scientific intelligence.

THE TURKISH BATH.—As there has been much talk lately about Turkish baths, and whether it is possible or desirable to bring them into common use in this country, and as we know that there are most erroneous notions prevalent with respect to their cost and comfort, a short account of a visit to one recently constructed at South Preston Cottage, North Shields, may possess some public interest. On a fine clear, cold, rather frosty night, just as the moon was rising above the trees, robed in the bath dress, a loose flowing cape reaching to the knees, we were conducted by our host from the vinery (with its sashes open) into the outer bath apartment, where, seated upon low stools, with the thermometer at 85 degrees, we were soon in a most genial glow. Thus prepared, we entered the inner apartment (leaving the loose gown—wearing small aprons), the atmosphere at 125 degrees. Seating ourselves, *à la Turk*, on a low wooden bench, we waited in profound silence the moment when all our skin impurities should "melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew." Nor had we long to wait. Soon a most copious shower of perspiration ran from every pore. Our attendant commenced a brisk friction with hands and feet over the whole surface of the body, and produced a result that we confess we were not prepared for. Accustomed to daily use of the ordinary warm and cold baths, and the constant use of "flesh gloves," we fancied that we had left little to be removed; but, under the skillful hands of our manipulator, we were soon divested of a rough coat of dead epidermis, that must have been a terrible obstacle to the delicate process of respiration, which nature intends to go on constantly over the whole surface of the body. Next we were rubbed from head to foot with soap, followed by a delicate stream of warm water poured over us, which produced a delightful glow of invigoration such as we have rarely experienced before. A sense of purity over the whole body, and a deep calm as of settled peace, fell upon us with all the freshness of a new birth. Next a bracing stream of cold water, and we stepped again into the first apartment. When the body had been rubbed perfectly dry we were conducted into the vinery, where, reclining on a couch, every muscle in repose, we were exposed to a current of cold air, with the loins only girded. Yet, as we imbibed a fragrant cup of coffee, there was no feeling of chill, but one of perfect health and renewed energy vibrated through the body, while through the mind, sympathising as ever with her earthly dwelling, passed rapid visions of all that was pleasant in the past or hopeful in the future; and we left the dwelling of our friend convinced that few of the blessings of modern civilisation, as auxiliaries to health and comfort, are to be compared to this English version of the Turkish bath.—*The Builder.*

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

"Mr Sox and I, now we think, now we write, and now we put our dramas and romances together," is the text upon which the great Alexander discourses, in the "fatted" columns, and in the last number but one, of his own journal, *Monte-Christo*, à propos of *Le fils naturel*, the last offering to the demi-monde by Alexander II. His article is a notable example of self-complacency, and is, at the same time, a cool, left-handed hit at his former friend, playwright, scene-shifter, or literary hack, or ingenious co-labourer in the production of the *Mousquetaires* and other romances, during the trial, which is now occupying the Civil Tribunal of Paris. Dumas, in the article in question, declares that his son has not followed his advice, but has pursued his own, in his dramatical productions. Father and son have to be congratulated in their relation to the literary public—the one for having given, and the other for refusing, advice. According to *Monte-Christo*, they both started from a different point. "My temperament," he says, "has led me to depict the passions; his, to depict manners. I found myself urged towards eccentricities and idealism; he towards generalities and the absolute truth. I have borrowed more from Shakespeare; he more from Molière." Hence two different modes of art as between father and son. Alexander, senior, proceeds to inform us how he constructed his pieces, and the hint may not be without its value to aspiring novelists:

I closed my eyes so as not to see material life; I sought in my fancy, or in my recollections, a dramatic situation, almost always a plot. The plot found, my work was done.

He sought such a plot as would have pre-occupied Shakspeare more and Molière less:

All the dramas of Shakspeare have a plot (*dénouement*), moral or not; but always human and terrible. *Tartuffe* excepted, Molière has no plot. I say, that having more natural religion for Shakspeare than for any other, I sought first my plot, and over my plot I suspended four acts. Hence it is, that many of my five acts have but one scene. As to my mode of working, it was all by the head. The piece was built in framework and completed by my brain. I did not sit to my work in earnest until it was in some sort completed. Would you have two examples; one for the romance, another from the drama? After the romance of the *Mousquetaires* I resolved to give *Vingt Ans après*.

He then relates how he proposed this work to M. Perrée of the *Siècle*, who, fearing *les suites*—the continuations which distract the author, and disappoint the subscriber to the *feuilleton* when they don't appear—sent him to Desnoyers. The latter he found taking a post-prandial tour in his garden one fine spring or autumn afternoon, he does not recollect which, he recollects only it was fine weather; and, to assist this good man's digestion, no doubt, "I related to him (Alexander did), in walking up and down with him, the eight volumes of *Vingt Ans après*, from the first to the last word, and he was so taken with the plan, that he ran, he, the man so difficult to stir, the same evening to the *Siècle*, and the next day sent me the adhesion of M. Perrée." It is difficult which most to admire, the importunity and memory of the man, who could repeat his eight volumes from the first word to the last, or the patience and alacrity of Desnoyers. Eight volumes! Good sooth! the worthy listener must have dined early that day. It must have been a spring day (strange Alexander should forget this) when he ran with his dessert of eight early strawberries to delight the palate of Desnoyers; and it must have been a fine autumn day when his brain ripened thirty-two ears of Indian corn. When I announced the *Mohicans*, in the *Mousquetaire*, not a word of the work was yet written. I announced thirty-two volumes. The *Mohicans* shall have neither thirty-one nor thirty-three volumes; they shall have thirty-two. Thus the thirty-two volumes were entirely composed in my brain, as were the eight volumes of *Vingt Ans après*. This certainly was a grand feat, and suffers nothing from the author's manner of parading it. What need had such a man of a Maquet, except as a respectable hodman, to carry bricks and mortar to the construction of his edifices?

And now for the illustration of his dramatic capabilities. The partition of the brain which conceived *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* is, perhaps,

one of the most extraordinary instances of an orderly and retentive memory on record. He conceived the idea of this piece, he informs us, in 1832 or 1833. "Gestation" lasted six years; something "would not come;" but as soon as he had invented the scene of the sequin, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* was formed and perfected in every joint and member, and it required only now the obstetric aid of the director of the Théâtre-Français.

This scene finished, the piece in consequence finished—in my head, be it understood—I went to the Théâtre-Français to demand a hearing. It was Saturday, the committee-day of the administration, but the actors were still in the committee-room. [Here, to spare the fingers of the compositor and the eyes of the reader, which would infallibly contract a confirmed squint were we to direct against them the rapid discharge of quotation marks (" ") in two columns of dialogue, we avail ourselves of the straightforward-looking (—) to distinguish the interlocutors.] I entered and addressed the director: "My dear Vedel, I come to demand a reading of you.—Good, and of what?—A comedy in five acts.—What day will you read?—Next Saturday.—Saturday? Impossible, it is committee-day. Will you Monday?—Monday be it.—Then you are ready?—That is I shall be ready.—I mean your piece is written?—Not a word is on paper.—And you will read on Monday next!—Yes.—Excellent joker!—You don't believe me?—Farceur.—Listen: will you agree to one thing?—What?—All the members of the reading-committee are present. Since they are the same as the committee of administration, will you permit me to read *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*?—Your piece is called *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*?—Yes.—You understand the proposition, ladies and gentlemen? said the director.—Yes, perfectly, replied the company.—Will you listen to a piece of Dumas's, which is not written?—Willingly.—Well (said I), be seated.—They smiled. I placed myself before the chimney in the centre of the circle, and if I did not read, in the proper acceptance of the word, I related, at least, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, from one end to the other. "This done: Well, ladies and gentlemen?" said Vedel, wiping away a tear.—"I don't see what can prevent us from voting," said *Mademoiselle Mars*. "Let us vote," said Firman. "Let us vote," repeated Geoffroy. They voted. *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* was received before a word of it was written. If I had been struck with apoplexy on issuing from the committee-room, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* received, but not written, had never been acted.

The trial, *Maquet v. Dumas*, will put the public in possession of many curious particulars. The plea of the latter against the claims and pretensions of the former may be summed up in a passage taken from one of his letters to Maquet:—"If you are desirous that we should work together, this is what we shall do. I shall communicate to you the idea of a novel and the plan of working that idea out; you shall then write the work on that plan, and I will re-write the work, which shall be definitive." Maquet accepted. "Ask a doctor what nerve it is that makes a limp;" "place such and such a house next door to another house, that we may knock a hole through the wall," are among the hints and stage directions to the understrappers. What Alexander, senior, has to say of the *method* of Alexander, junior, may be given in few lines. I do so and so: "Alexander proceeds differently. He seeks for and adopts a type. Or, rather, a type meets him, and he adopts it. The title is the embryo of the piece. . . . This type is not ideal, but material. . . . Around this type, moral or immoral, he groups other secondary types, but living, animated by the principal type. These types are as a circle traced with the compass of intelligence in the society in which we live. All within the circle is like fishes taken in a net."

A work which has appeared from the pen of M. A. Philippe is calculated to elicit various and conflicting opinions—*Royer-Collard, sa vie publique, sa vie privée, sa famille*. The man will have to be judged as a philosopher, a statesman, a lawyer and the chief of a family. We do not pretend to pass this important work under review. It requires careful and impartial reading, and a competent knowledge of French history since the time of the first revolution. M. Philippe has done his best to illustrate the subject of his biography; but, with all his favourable leanings, he has possibly failed in greatly prepossessing the public in his favour.

He presents us certainly with an illustrious man, one who, in conjunction with the Scotsman, Thomas Reid, elaborated a system of philosophy; one whose voice was listened to with equal attention in the forum and in the senate; one who spake with authority and with all the force of which the French language is capable; one of whose intellectual gifts any nation might be proud; but, still, not with a loveable man. This, probably, is due to the accident of his birth and education. He was the son of Jansenist parents, the strictest of their sect, born in the little village of Sommepeux, in Champagne, in the year 1763. Jansenism, a kind of *juste-milieu* between Protestantism and Catholicism, was not of a nature calculated to live, but while it did live it impressed itself deeply upon the minds brought up under it. It induced a gloomy and unnatural piety. Sommepeux was the most exemplary village in France. The curé cared not much about the bull *Unigenitus*, and was in favour with his Protestant and Jansenist parishioners. There were no gala-days here; no dancing on the green; no merry music. In place of songs and ballads and pleasant stories, there was much bible-reading, and, we are not authorised to say, without profit. The farm-servants read the Psalter while tending the geese, and the ploughman went forth to labour with some godly book attached to the stilt of his plough. Royer-Collard grew up under these influences. When his mother removed to Paris, she adhered pertinaciously to her village costume. She held by her country cap as firmly as the rigorous Quaker lady holds by her bonnet. Is it surprising, then, that this man, when he became father of a family, should say repeatedly to his daughters, "I do not wish you to become ladies, and I know how to prevent you?" He commenced his education among the Jansenists, in the college of the brothers of the Christian doctrine of Chaumont, and completed it in the college of St. Omer, where at one time he held the class of mathematics. He wore the robe of the brothers of the Christian doctrine, and this robe clung to him through life. A layman, he had all the imperious instincts of a priest. The doctrine which he promulgated in politics was that upon which he acted at home. *Habemus doctrinam*—we have the proper knowledge, therefore submit. Authority, discipline, were his watchwords—do always as we desire you to do. We can pity the poor daughters brought up under this gloomy and rigorous system. They were not allowed to dress in a fashion becoming their station. They were forbidden to enter a museum, and, in walking with them in the gardens of the Luxembourg, he withdrew them from the alleys in which statues were exposed. Dinner finished, he would mount his carriage, with his children, for a promenade in the woods; but they were forbidden to speak to him, for fear of interrupting his sublime meditations. It is M. Philippe, himself, who permits us to have access to these scenes of the family life. Every action shows him possessed of the dominating spirit of the priest:

On his estate of Châteaueux, he exercised, as well in the neighbourhood, an absolute empire; he saw, not without an irritation which sometimes amounted to rage, a creditor making a rigorous use of his rights when he defended the debtor, a mayor sustaining his judgments against the claims, just or unjust, of the clients he had taken under his protection.

There is an obstinate pride, an inflexible self-will, an intellectual tyranny in this great man, which keeps us aloof from him. The discipline which he practised at home he wished to carry into the State. He was the founder of the *doctrinaire* school, and he wished all France to be governed by his dictum. Neither as a lawyer nor as a statesman could he bear contradiction. There was an independence in his character which one could admire, were it not associated with so much hardness. He was provoked when a creditor pursued his *protégés*, but he was not the one to pay their debts. He gave little himself, says M. Philippe, and he sometimes received rudely those who came to consult him. He was rich, adds his biographer, who gives us the statistic of his fortune, but he did not like to give, and he did not like to ask for a favour for fear of a refusal. He never forgave any one who had refused him, nor the one who had been the cause of the refusal. He always dined at

home, never giving any visit, bearing with nothing which put him out of his way, and very distrustful of his flatterers. He had the weakness of being fond of the highly-born, and was flattered by the presence of Prince Talleyrand at his table. As to such men as Guizot and Cousin, "they might invite themselves." The particulars of his political career will be read with advantage in the pages of M. Philippe. His eloquence still lives in the memory of the present generation. He loved liberty, but it was the liberty fashioned by his own philosophy. He died in 1845, at the age of eighty-two, without any other infirmity than a slight deafness, which came upon him if no one was talking with him. Many of the *mots* attributed to Talleyrand belong really to M. Royer-Collard. He meditated wicked sayings as a poet would meditate fine thoughts. His sentences were sometimes charged with *mitraille*, wounding and bruising in every direction. His biographer says, that he often embarrassed business by a sudden epigram:

Less courteous than M. de Talleyrand, he did not polish his blade before plunging it; his arm was no sooner loaded than discharged. Rude or gracious, as the word came to him, such it escaped him, and his sorties were received with as much avidity by amateurs as by courtiers, whom he paid out with a bearing that had a certain majesty, and with an earnest seriousness, velveteed with a distinguished *bonhomme*, which did not the more disguise the sanguinary missile.

It is just thirty-one years since seven electoral colleges sent simultaneously Royer-Collard to the Chamber of Deputies. On that day the cook of the great man went to market according to her custom. The market-woman made her an oration, and carried her in triumph around the Fountain of the Innocents, shouting, "Vive Royer-Collard!" The market-women at present are more occupied with fish, flesh and fowl than with politics.

FRANCE.

Les nièces des Mazarin; études des mœurs et des caractères au 17^e siècle. Par AMÉDÉE RENÉE. Troisième édition. Paris: Firmin Didot frères, &c., pp. 556, 8vo.

(Continued from p. 40.)

Anna-Maria Martinozzi fell to the lot of the Prince de Conti, handsome and hump-backed, who was always see-sawing between vice and devotion. To-day he was a saint, to-morrow a libertine. It was the poet Sarrazin who put it into his head to "espouse the cardinal," by espousing one of his nieces. The prince seized at the hint, and sent the poet to Paris, with a *carte-blanc* to negotiate for him. The choice of Sarrazin fell upon the prettiest and the sagest, Anna-Maria. The diplomacy of the cardinal was conspicuous in this affair, as well as his ruling passion. Enchanted as he was with the proposition, he appeared to consider it indifferently. The more the prince advanced and appeared anxious to come to terms, the harder the cardinal bargained. He chicaned even on the dowry, which he finished by reducing to two hundred thousand crowns. The marriage was celebrated with great splendour. The *Gazette* informs us that the fair *fiancée* "was dressed in a robe of black velvet, which sparkled with the lustre of the diamonds with which it was covered. She wore the next day, at the ceremony of the marriage, a habit of brocatelle, enriched with pearls. In the evening Corneille's *Cid* was played,"—a snatch of fashionable intelligence of the 21st Feb. 1654. Conti appears to have been ashamed of his union, and revenged himself upon his poet-secretary, whose head he struck with a pair of tongs, and received a wound of which he died. The cardinal gave his nephew the government of Guienne, and the command of the army in Catalonia; he carried his generosity so far, indeed, as to build a hotel for him in Paris at his own expense. The prince, whose gallantries were not restrained by marriage, was exceedingly jealous of his wife. There was a certain Marquis de Vardes of whom he was in dread. De Vardes was the most renowned gallant of the day, and, like a true Frenchman, was ever boasting of his conquests:

The prince, one day, met on his way this marquis bean, who possessed as much as Caudale the gift of pleasing, with the most profound genius for seduction. M. de Conti pressed him to mount his carriage and to accompany him in his promenade. De Vardes excused himself under the pretext that he had just

returned from the chase, was in *négligé*, and that he felt tired and was going to bed. The prince, who went home a few minutes afterwards, found, near his wife who was lying asleep, his friend De Vardes in brilliant toilette; he thought he saw the wolf near the Little Red Riding Hood. Spite of the smiling air of the personage and his imperturbable bearing, the husband went away furious.

The attentions of the young king to his lady alarmed him still more. He had his conduct with regard to her closely watched, and did not feel secure until he had her by his side. He had once a little dialogue with his almoner Cosnac, Bishop of Valence, upon a very delicate subject. "I know the innocence and the virtue of my wife," said the prince, "but she has like all the others the vanity of pleasing; and how do I know," added he, "that she will avoid that of being loved?" "Monseigneur," replied the Bishop of Valence, "to find a woman who does not suffer to be loved, is to find a black swan." The almoner finished by giving him a hint which put him more than ever on his guard against De Vardes. He had no occasion. We have reason to believe that the young wife (she was seventeen only when she was married) was entirely faithful. But she was not happy. "Loaded with wealth, honours, beautiful beyond most women, the object of admiration and love, she felt more void and changed than before." Agitated by the thought of the nothingness into which she would fall after death and the fear of hell, she tried to extinguish in herself all remains of faith to calm her inquietudes." She passed beyond this stage, and became a devotee. She decided her husband "to live in marriage as in celibacy." She visited the poor and the sick, and performed acts of extreme mortification. She was a woman of remarkable firmness; she was the champion and patroness of the weak and the oppressed, "opposing herself to the most redoubted ministers, not fearing to commit herself in resisting them to the face." Anna-Maria, indeed, ended in becoming an exemplary Jansenist. She succeeded in converting her husband, and it is said, "the beauty of his penitence surpassed the ugliness of his faults." He carried his repentance to the point even of writing a book against the comedy and the theatre, which he had passionately loved. "He would have done better," says Voltaire, "if he had written a book against civil war." The Princess of Conti became a widow at twenty-nine. Many sought her hand, but no one could withdraw her from her widowhood. She died of apoplexy. She was the mother of the Conti who made the honour of the house.

With a second batch of nieces, and a nephew, ordered over from their native Italy, by the fortunate cardinal, arrived Laura Martinozzi, a younger sister of Anna-Maria, who had married the Prince de Conti. She was celebrated by some poet of the day as—

Martinozzi, beauté romaine!

What beauty she possessed we cannot tell. Suffice it, she was the niece of the cardinal, and the Duke of Modena, desirous of having the assistance of France against Spain, sought and had her as wife for his son Alfonso. Laura was then eighteen; the young prince twenty-one. They had never seen each other; but in those days that did not much matter. Laura and Alfonso cemented a political treaty, and were married in the dark, Prince Eugène of Savoy, father of the celebrated Prince Eugène, known to every reader of English history, having married her by procuration. After two years spent in France, she was not sorry to return to her native Italy, and, for anything we know to the contrary, the union was a happy one. But she was soon left a widow; and, made Regent of Modena, she governed that little state with great wisdom and moderation. Pious in her sentiments, she was at the same time possessed of great firmness of purpose. She is mentioned indeed as *virile donna*—a strong-minded woman. The only event of note to be recorded during her regency, was a quarrel she had with the Duchess of Mantua about the possession of some little islands in the Po, which each claimed. These islands, altogether, were not worth a year's rent of the Isle of Dogs; but they had apparent value enough, in the eyes of the two duchesses, to set them together by the ears. Their troops and cannon were drawn up and planted on either side the river, and the small world was on tip-toe as to the result of this Amazon duel, when Spain, fearing that France, to whom Laura had been all along a faithful ally, would lend her assistance, prudently stepped in, and put

an end to hostilities. In this duchess, Laura of Modena, about whom not much has been written, we Englishmen ought to have a kind of special interest, seeing that her blood still circulates in some remote vein of our royal family. Her daughter, Mary Beatrice, was married to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. It was Louis XIV. who had charged himself with finding the young lady a husband, who cast his eyes upon our royal duke:

"But the project met with great obstacles; the young princess herself opposed a refusal. The perspective of a grand throne did not dazzle her, for she wished to become a nun, and the idea of having to reign over a protestant people did not smile on her ardent piety. It required the inflexible desire of the King of France, the intervention even of the Holy Father to vanquish her resistance; they had to make her understand what the Church expected of her. The marriage at last was resolved, and the Earl of Peterborough arrived at Modena, where he espoused Beatrice d'Este in the name of the Duke of York.

The Beatrice transported to England does not appear to have at all resembled the Beatrice of classical note. "La grande Mademoiselle," sister of Louis, who was not always friendly to youth and beauty, was, of course, not greatly charmed with the Duchess of York. "She appeared to me," she says in her Memoirs, "to be a big, melancholy creature, neither pretty nor ugly, very lean, and yellow enough. I have heard say that at present she is lively and plump, and somewhat handsome." The English commoners were greatly averse to the marriage. The House of Commons voted an address to the King, to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, to avert the dangers which, in her person, threatened the state. The young duchess, however, according to Lingard, made herself, by her amiable manners, beloved by the whole court. Laura Martinozzi, after having resigned the government into the hands of her weakly son, Francis II., retired to Rome, where she was greatly distinguished by her charities. She maintained a correspondence with her daughter in England; but she did not live to see the wreck of the family of the Stuarts. We have given the outline of the few facts connected with this lady which have been collected by M. Renée.

OLYMPIA MAZARIN, of all the nieces of Mazarin, was the one who partook the most of his mind and genius. Her chequered life was one long romance, gay, terrible and tragical enough. Her warm Italian blood, her active passions, her pride, her ambition, her jealousies, her spirit of intrigue, kept her in ceaseless motion. She was brought to France when only ten years old, and, in a manner, was brought up with the young King. As children they romped and played together, as young persons they sang and danced together, and got up ballets and tragedies in which they acted before the court, and when beyond their teens had *liaisons*, to say the least, a little suspicious. This was the "little brunette, with a long face and pointed chin," of Madame de Motteville, who grew up to become, if not a beautiful woman, a woman of commanding figure, and of singularly engaging manners. It was at one time a question gravely discussed among the courtiers whether the ambitious cardinal, who did not find princes of the blood too high for his nieces, did not aim at making Olympia Queen of France. The stars were not in favour of this project, if it was ever seriously entertained. Louis liked her well enough as a playfellow, and as a participator with him in balls, masquerades and other amusements, but there were ladies about his court, more beautiful by far, from among whom he could pick and choose a wife. Olympia entertained the hope of such exaltation for some time, but her good sense at length showed her the impossibility of such an alliance, and she turned her regards elsewhere. It was time. Her elder sister had been married advantageously; her cousin had been selected for the Prince de Conti in preference to herself; La Meilleraie, son of the marshal of that name, whom Mazarin was anxious to have for nephew, refused her hand, and conceived a passion for her youngest sister, Hortensia. Everything and everyone seemed to escape her, when turned up the Prince Eugène de Carignan, of the House of Savoy, who was espoused to her. The marriage was for some time delayed by the cardinal; but at length it was celebrated with becoming splendour. As Eugène de Carignan, by the mother's side, was allied to the Bourbons, Mazarin had revived for him the title of Count de Soissons; Olympia became thus a princess of the blood, and was

called, by distinction, Madama la Comtesse. And now properly commenced a career which, according to our plain English notions, and without any affectation of prudery may be designated, in the most lenient language, as throughout discreditable to the wife, the woman and the mother. Piqued by the young libertine king, stung with jealousy by his attentions to her sister Maria, for some time there had been a rupture between them; but after the marriage they were reconciled. The king detached himself from Maria, and paid his respects to the young duchess. The sagacious cardinal fostered this friendship, and Olympia was made superintendent of the queen's (Anne of Austria) household, and became the greatest lady of the court. The king made daily visits to the Hotel de Soissons, and the countess spared no pains to retain the illustrious captive in her chains. Her husband, an honest man and a brave soldier, was the least suspicious of men. Her chains were not, however, of strength sufficient to prevent the royal scapegrace from wandering elsewhere, and his preference for La Vallière was another sting inserted into her jealous bosom. He did not pass his evenings as frequent at the Hotel de Soissons, and the La Vallière did her best to seduce him from the side of the sprightly duchess altogether. The Italian blood was up, and an Italian revenge was sought for.

The confidant of the King's secrets at this time was the Marquis de Vardes, the handsomest fellow and most accomplished scoundrel of the day—a man without heart, without friendship, without honour, save the conventional honour of the hour. He was courageous, seductive, but vain; and an execrable traitor to every one who confided in him. It is necessary to mention him here, as it was by his assistance that Olympia hoped to obtain her revenge. His conduct towards the beautiful young Duchess de Roquelaure was an example of supreme egotism and heartlessness. For his false money of the heart she gave him the true money of her own. The exchange on her part could not be justified in the presence of the Duke, her husband. He became jealous. De Vardes had once to lie hidden for eight-and-forty hours in the cellar of his hotel. De Vardes got tired of her; he had no mind to run risks. The poor heart-broken, sinning woman died at the early age of twenty-three. De Vardes, although "the best made and most amiable man in France," according to the Abbé de Cosnac, was one of those persons whom one can hate intensely without violating any law of Christian charity, on account of his vanity—that boastful vanity, so peculiar to some Frenchmen, which leads them to proclaim their victories over the female heart. It was with this man that Olympia had a *liaison*, which lasted for several years, and it was by his assistance that she plotted against the La Vallière. He had free access to the Hotel de Soissons. "The husband was the least suspicious of men," says our author; "so much so that, when there was a misunderstanding between the lady and her lover, it was the honest Count de Soissons who sought De Vardes, and brought him back to his wife. It must be said that he was persuaded that nothing existed between them but plain friendship." Another accomplished *roué* at this time appears on the stage—Comte de Guiche, son of the Marshal de Grammont, and nephew of him of the same name who is known to us by his *Memoirs*. Highly endowed by nature in a handsome person, and with considerable gifts of mind, with the reputation of a hero and the dash of a gay cavalier, he had nevertheless that obtrusive vanity and contemptible meanness of conduct in relation to the female sex which excludes him from any generous sympathy. He laid siege to the heart of Henrietta of England, wife of Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., and how he rewarded her confidence the pages of M. Renée make plain. No excuse for Henrietta, however. Hear Madame de la Fayette, the indulgent historian of this princess:

The Count de Guiche found nothing so agreeable as hazarding everything; and Madame and he, without having a veritable passion the one for the other, were exposed to greater danger than one was ever exposed. Madame was unwell and surrounded by her women. She caused the Count de Guiche to be introduced, sometimes in open day, disguised as a woman telling fortunes, and he told the fortunes of the women even, every day, without their knowing him; at other times, by other devices, but always with much risk; and these so perilous interviews were passed in turning Monsieur (the husband) into ridicule.

This was the man who was engaged in the plot

against La Vallière. He had the weakness to confide the secret of his *liaison* with Madame to the "terrible De Vardes," and the latter in the end betrayed him, as he did every one. De Vardes conceived the idea of supplanting him in the esteem of Madame, and he did so by the most diabolical means. What cared he now for Olympia? The joint plot against La Vallière miscarried; but "Vardes," says Madame de la Fayette, "had a great intercourse with Madame, and that which he had with the Countess de Soissons was not sufficient to detach him from the charms of Madame. Olympia became jealous of Madame to madness. She accused her, at an interview, in terms almost, of having secretly taken her lover from her. De Vardes had betrayed Madame, as he had betrayed so many others: her grief was inconceivable, but shortly found her revenge. Vardes was sent to the Bastille, where we willingly leave him. The king, made acquainted at the same time with all the details of the plot against La Vallière, banished Olympia and her innocent husband from the court for some time. Olympia greatly regretted the loss of De Vardes; but on her return from exile she found consolation in one of his apt disciples, the Marquis de Villeroy, surnamed by the ladies *The Charming*. After the marquis other lovers succeeded, according to the popular songs of the day; but M. Renée casts a charitable doubt on this, and he is unwilling to believe with Walckenaer, that she was "a woman without shame."

At thirty-five Olympia was a widow; and here ensues one of those dark, inscrutable pages in her life which has never been satisfactorily explained, and which must continue to be one of those secrets which the day of judgment alone shall reveal. Did this handsome, seductive, heartless woman poison her husband? She was suspected of having done so; and she never gave any answer to the accusation brought against her. Like other members of her family, she was addicted to astrology, and trusted in horoscopes. Strange things were rumoured as having had place in the Hotel de Soissons. Magicians practised; spirits were evoked. A soothsayer was once introduced who predicted to her the death of her husband. She had no apparent interest in poisoning her husband; but her silence raised great doubt. The king, with whom she had played as a child, and whose gallantries she had accepted as a woman, did not venture to express his belief that she was innocent. Her conduct he appears rather to have regarded as "black," and not "dusky grey," as some were charitably disposed to regard it. Four years before Brinvilliers had scattered infinite terrors over the land by her cold-blooded poisonings. Suspicion is soon regarded as the equivalent to accusation. Olympia found herself included in the process of De la Voisin, along with her sister De Bouillon. The accusation was sorcery of the most criminal character. To avoid the scaffold, to which her enemy Louvois would no doubt have brought her, she fled with her servants from Paris. No pursuit was made apparently by justice, but she was pursued by public execration. Three days after her flight she was, after being "put to the trumpet," adjudged guilty by contumacy. Says the Abbé de Choisy:

M. de Louvois pursued her even to hell. In all the towns and villages through which she passed, they refused to receive her in the principal hotels; she was often obliged to sleep upon straw, and to suffer the insults of an insolent people, who called her sorcerer and poisoner.

In Brussels, to which she went, she was obliged, one day, to sleep in a nunnery of beguines, into which she had entered to purchase lace because some three thousand people had assembled before the gate, who would have torn her to pieces. Madame de Sivégné records:

M. de la Rochefoucauld related yesterday that the Countess de Soissons had been constrained to issue in all stealth from the church, and that they had made a close cat-dance round her, or rather, they made such a horrible witches' sabbath, crying and howling like sorcerers and devils in her pursuit, that she was obliged to quit the place to be rid of this folly.

The name of *poisoner* followed her everywhere. But the storm at length abated. She returned to Brussels, and held a little court. Here, though now over forty, she had the Governor of the Low Countries, the Prince of Parma, bowing at her feet. The woman was not satiated with such homage, and she had still charms to allure such gallants. Quietude was not in the nature of Olympia. She was restless and intriguing to the end of her days. We find her in Spain, where she was suspected of having cast a *spell* over the

weak Charles II. and his Queen, and of having poisoned the latter with milk. Give a dog a bad name, according to the proverb. There were many, however, who were persuaded that she had poisoned the Queen. We find her in England on several occasions on visits to her sister Hortensia. The conformity of their destinies, their common disgrace, may be supposed to have brought them together. She was neglected by De Vardes after he had obtained his liberty. This gentleman returned to court an antiquated beau, and to some extent succeeded in regaining the king's confidence. Much of his time he occupied in chemical pursuits, with the object of obtaining potable gold, to prolong his life and preserve his beauty.

Olympia Mancini died "in opprobrium," some have said, after an exile of thirty-five years. M. Renée, however, goes to prove that she died, if not in the odour of sanctity, of respectability. She left behind her five sons and three daughters, and an immense fortune in France. Her eldest son she disinherited vindictively because he had committed the sin of making *mesalliance*, marrying a pretty girl of doubtful birth, but whom he loved. He fifth son was proud and wealthy. He was destined for the Church, and was made an abbé. But he had a soul above the cloisters and longed to mingle in the life of the camp. He offered his services to Louis XIV., who was rather amused at the pretensions of the *Little Abbé*, as he called him; but the Little Abbé became the Grand Abbé of Holland, the famous Prince Eugène. Olympia in him had her revenge against France. "She lived to see the throne of Louis XIV. totter under the redoubled blows of her son; she was witness to the defeats and humiliation of that court which had banished her; and the mother of Eugène expired in tasting the last pleasure of pride and of vengeance."

(To be continued.)

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Jan. 29.

A STRANGE and angry feeling appears to have been roused in some of the French journals, by no means founded in reason, in consequence of the language adopted by some of the most violently radical English papers in reference to the attempt on the Emperor's life. This language is known to every man of intelligence in France as not speaking the sentiments of the English nation, and as it is but too well known that under the present Government no journal dare publish anything displeasing to it, the inference naturally is, that the insults and open attacks upon England which daily find place in the *Moniteur* and other official papers are countenanced by authority. As for the clamour against the refuge afforded by England to the exiles of all nations, it cannot be sincere, for there can scarcely be a man now in authority in France but must feel in his inmost soul that, were another revolution to take place in this country to-morrow, England is the only spot in the world where one of them could safely seek an asylum. That plots and conspiracies should be prevented and discovered, if possible, is doubtless most desirable; but the absurdity of asking Englishmen to give up the right of sheltering the unfortunate is only equalled by its impudence. As for the *gasconade* of some of the regimental addresses to the Emperor, demanding to be allowed to seek the traitors on the shores of England, his Majesty knows the spirit of the British nation well enough to feel assured that if there be a possibility of preventing the Government of England moving a finger to comply with the desire of any foreign nation, on any subject, it would be by taking a threatening tone like this.

The effect of this warlike bravado in Paris has been to send the funds down immensely, and to arrest the slight commercial movement which was just beginning to be felt after a dead season of unusual length. The attempt was horrible, and the escape of their Majesties was indeed miraculous, so much so as to make the future a subject of gloomy reflection to all those who have taken up their residence in France. This is surely bad enough, without allowing folly or prejudice to darken the prospect by endeavouring to weaken or break off the only alliance in Europe to which intelligent minds in France look to with hope and confidence.

Turning, however, to lighter themes, Paris has been somewhat brightened up by the marriage of your charming young princess, for John Bull likes to show his loyalty when abroad whatever he may do at home. Hence all English families

in Paris have kept up the "auspicious week" by dinners, fêtes and soirées without end.

Otherwise the season cannot be described as gay. First, the mercantile crisis in America not only threw a gloom over society, but sent many hundreds of Americans back to the United States, for it must be understood that "our Yankee cousins" of late years far outnumber English society, and the "Go-a-head" system renders them the "gayest of the gay." The sales of splendid furniture, carriages, horses, &c., have in consequence been immense. Added to this damper, the prevalence of *la grippe* has been very wide and extremely fatal; except during the prevalence of the cholera, so many deaths have never been returned from the hospitals as during the months of December and January.

In my last letter the principal theme was the death, or rather the life, of Mlle. Rachel, which a friend—just such a friend as poor unfortunate Rachel was likely to have—was turning a penny by before the body was laid in its last resting-place. It would appear that the writer (a somewhat notorious personage, named Lecomte), had received a hint from some quarter that his malicious account of the parsimony, meanness and ignorance of the deceased, at such a moment, was ill-timed, to say nothing worse—for his subsequent articles upon her are less insulting to her memory. But poor Rachel, whom no panegyric can ever render estimable, really deserved a better biographer than this Lecomte, who, though quite capable of giving venom to every little scandal he can report of the great actress, is totally incapable of appreciating her real genius, or of detecting what Rachel might have been had her early lot been cast among a different class than those among whom she was thrown. Genius like hers must have been associated with other elements of good; but, in her case, her very affection for her family—a feeling always noble and generous, and which distinguished Rachel all through life—actually bound her down to what was vicious, sordid and ignoble, throughout her whole existence.

There is little doubt that the main cause of her early death was her greed for money. With a frail frame and health always delicate, when upon her professional tours (by which her great fortune was chiefly made) her incessant labours were not without a certain cast of insanity. In 1848, during her *congé*, she acted no less than eighty-seven times in ninety days! And this, exclusive of the fatigue of travelling from place to place. She was at this time surrounded by her family, who were not only witnesses, but accomplices in these suicidal exertions, for at this period her father was, it is understood, manager of the *troupe*. Among the various directors in many countries with whom Rachel had to deal, one is invariably spoken highly of, Mr. Mitchell, of St. James's Theatre; his liberality and handsome conduct at all times is very frequently alluded to. The failure in America, for failure it was, whatever may be said to the contrary, added to the severity of the climate, completed the fatal work. Her last appearance was at Charleston, in the United States. Among the articles upon the deceased *artiste*, by far the most remarkable is one in the religious paper called the *Univers*, from which I translate the salient passage.

We have read in twenty journals that Mlle. Rachel, emerging from the lowest grade of society, at once became possessed of the manners of a great lady. This we doubt, for it is not dress, attitudes, impertinence, not even wit, not even courtiery, of whom Mlle. Rachel had many, that constitute the great lady. Something has been forgotten. The habit of imposing respect. This tragedy queen, who trembled before journalists, and who wrote like a *femme de chambre*, could never have resembled Mme. de Sévigné. Rachael a great lady! She was much too vulgar for that. Rachael, say the journals, ranks with Clarion and Lecouvreur. Aye, and what were they? . . . Much has she gained by the resemblance which her admirers assign to her by way of compliment! Much has been spoken of her influence on literature. She exercised none; she never created a poet, nor an artist, nor a public. She did not restore tragedy. The present public cannot appreciate that species of composition; we doubt whether many actors have ever existed capable of representing it. We saw part of the *Cid* performed at the Theatre Français. It was a perfect farce; and we admired the spectators who could sit the tragedy out. The works of Racine and Corneille are not calculated for the stage;

the imagination of the reader can alone endow the characters with beauty, nobility and majesty, and at the same time confine them within human limits. How can poor actors, painted and padded, be expected, with their vulgar personal individualities, to represent heroes? They either explode into rant, or they sink into platitudes. Our Don Rodrigue had a flat nose; Donna Chimène was a fat old woman; the other characters, comprising dukes and princes, wore that brilliant expression peculiar to our thriving *bourgeoisie*, or Government clerks, who figure so largely in French society. No, no; the poetry, the grandeur of tragedy is dead. The revolution of '89 swept it away, and Mlle. Rachel has only left us M. Ponsard! M. Ponsard after Corneille!

With all this severity against tragedy, as we see it at present, there is some truth, and it is only fair to say that the writer gives the heartless writer of her biography a dressing which he will never forget.

GERMANY.

Seltene Geschichten. Erzählt von H. KÖNIG. (Strange Stories, narrated by H. KÖNIG.) Meidinger and Co., Frankfurt.

A NOTABLE fact in the age we live in is the creation of that literary "popularity" which may not inaptly be termed a Life-peerage, as distinguished from the enduring nobility conferred by Fame. Between the two titles there is, as long as their bearers walk this earth, no practical distinction. Both bestow, for the time being, equality of privilege and equality of honours. Yet no! we are perhaps wrong here. In a pecuniary point of view the temporary dignity is, generally speaking, far more advantageous than the enduring one. And as, in this joint-stock age, money and honours—if not, alas! money and honour—consort unceasingly together, the balance of external distinctions is generally in favour of the shorter-lived of the two.

This new creation is essentially a democratic one, and bears about it all the defects as well as, doubtless, many of the virtues, inherited by such an origin. As the circle of readers widens from a class to a "public," literature becomes daily more of a speculation and less of a "calling." Daily, too, the literary man is more directly re-acted upon by those he addresses, and daily does the spontaneity, the divine element, of his inspiration speak with a feebler voice and to deaf ears. The antagonism between the reasoning faculties and the imaginative is one of those truths vaguely recognised by all, but clearly and profoundly discerned by few. This antagonism lies, we believe, in deeper recesses of human nature than is generally supposed. In developing the rational element as it is the tendency of the day to develop it, let us not overlook the fact that the imaginative is gradually paralysing and effacing itself. The two, it would seem, cannot co-exist on any approach to equality of terms. Be the practical man, or be the enthusiastic man—but both you cannot be. You cannot play at dissolving views with common sense and poetry—you cannot at pleasure quit your steam-carriage for a canter on Pegasus. "Granted! but in all this no real loss is suffered!" retorts the practical majority. Well, this is not the place to argue the question. But what deep-thinking man will deny that the soul—the principle within us which makes us as "Gods"—lies torpid in the heavy atmosphere of utility,* but breathes, wakes and rejoices in the pure ether of the beautiful? Not utilitarian Rome, but ideal-worshipping Greece, was admitted to a fore-glimpse of the brightness of Christianity!

But this is a digression. Our talk was of Popularity and Fame, and we wished to observe that the distinction between the two—between the "brummagem" and the true nobility—is often difficult enough to seize. Ask any one of your literary acquaintance to decide which of the names now most loudly trumpeted around us will be longest repeated by the echoes of the future, and we venture to predict that he will find your question a "puzzler." The fact is, we see so much of the base amalgam mixed up with the pure ore, that it often becomes really difficult to say where the proportions of the nobler ingredient will suffice to carry the mass through the tarnishing ordeal of time, without forfeiting its claim to rank as gold.

* What spasmodic stimulants are needed to rouse it from this torpor! Let the Sunday frequenters of the Surrey Gardens, let the religious history of the United States tell.

Among the members of the European literary triumvirate, Germany is the least affected by the influences above alluded to. The greater concentrateness of the German character is, doubtless, one reason of this. But another, and a more obvious one, is supplied by the fact that the daily press is far less developed in Germany than either in England or France. Literary criticism, in particular, possesses no such authoritative organs among our Teutonic cousins as it does on either side the channel. No "Edinburghs" and "Quarterlies" no "*Revue des deux Mondes*," guide the reins of public taste, suggesting the book to order, and furnishing the judgment upon it even before its perusal.

Let us not, however, suppose that there are no literary reputations in Germany, which rest more upon popularity than upon fame. Such reputations undoubtedly exist—but with the distinction that they are created rather by a class than by the public. For in Germany (from the same cause above adduced) the amalgamation of classes is, intellectually speaking, much less complete than with us. First on the list of such reputations we may place the author of the work before us. Herr König enjoys a pre-eminent popularity among those whom his countrymen distinguish as *die gebildeten Leute*. This term, which corresponds to the French *gens du monde*, does not admit of literal rendering into English. It properly applies to those superficial men, of average education but little thought, who form the majority in every drawing-room we enter, and whose empty-hearted views and slipshod principles are only not dangerous, because too coldly egotistic to attract proselytes, too feeble to prompt to action. The ranks of these men, both in France and Germany, are specially recruited, and the *morale* specially leavened by the Government *employés*, to whose countless legions Herr König himself belongs. Now the German and French Government *employé* is a species of the *genus homo* happily unknown in England. Its distinctive features may readily be deduced from the simple consideration that the qualifying adjective "government" means here *absolute government*. Given the distinctive features of any class of organised beings to determine the food, material or intellectual, best suited for its consumption, would be a problem for the merest tyro in comparative anatomy. Its solution in the case before us would define at once the characteristics of Herr König's literary ability, which must of course have much in common with the natures it especially attracts. Accordingly, we find in Herr König's works a distinguished facility in the conversational—an inexhaustible fund of light, easy gossip, which might alone explain his success with *die gebildeten Leute*. Through this pleasant medium he contrives to develop his *dramatis personæ* just enough *pour les différencier* (excuse the commodious gallicism), without pretending to any metaphysical analysis of character or of passion. That is to say, he develops them just so far as the *gebildeten Leute* may be presumed capable of following, or inclined to follow his developments. In this light gossip, to our judgment, lies the whole secret of König's success. The charms of picturesque description, of brilliant dialogue, of felicitous situation or dramatic power, are rarely and faintly attained by him. A pleasant fluency, a ready but very diluted wit, an utter absence of anything so *langueilig* as earnestness or elevation of sentiment must always be for *gebildete Leute*, decide on his pretensions to fame and explain his attainment of popularity with equal clearness.

The little work whose title heads these remarks is the last of a long series extending over some forty years. That title—"Strange Stories"—is perhaps the only strange thing in the book, which is a collection of light tales, possessing no claim to such wonder-pregnant epithet, either in plot, incident or locality. The opening "Novelle," which is simply an historical sketch of the court of Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse, surprised us at first by its extreme dulness. "Surely," thought we in the depths of our critical mind, "it argues singular want of tact in a man of Herr König's experience to place his least attractive wares in the most conspicuous position." Short-sighted censure! We forgot at the moment that court gossip, no matter how infinitesimally small, or how stupidly stupid, is, for "gebildete Leute" in general, and for the *crème* of such "Leute," the government *employés* in particular, the most intensely interesting of all subjects, whether terrestrial or celestial. Instead, therefore, of evidencing "want of tact," the pre-

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cedence given to the article "Am Hofe des Landgrafen" is the clearest proof that Herr König abounds in that inestimable qualification, and has moreover a thorough appreciation of his audience.

The best story in the book is, unquestionably, the longest—"The Maidens' Lottery-ticket"—a few extracts from which will give our readers a fair specimen of König's style. The plot is a very simple one. Three country damsels of the middle ranks take a lottery-ticket together, No. 73,747. The telegraph announces this as the first prize, and the action of the story turns upon the intrigues, and the *impromptu tendresses*, of which the fair trio become the consequent object. The most prominent heroine of the tale, Susan, proceeds in company with Wilhelm, her self-elected legal adviser, and Hombach, the father of her self-elected future, to the residence of Catherine, her partner in luck, and the actual holder of the ticket. Catherine, we must premise, had hitherto played the devout, and persuaded her friends as well as herself that her true vocation was the cloister. She receives them with a gratification easily imagined, and introduces them into the best parlour.

It was a neat little room; the floor strewn with white sand, the table clean scoured, and deal chairs to match ranged round it. An old-fashioned cupboard in one corner, and a hanging bookshelf, were well stocked with china teacups and religious books. A "Schwarzwald" clock, with its pendant weights, ticked upon the wall; the portrait of a devout canon hung close to the window, and a large cage of bullfinches occupied the narrow end of the room behind the stove.

The long side-wall was curiously ornamented enough. In the centre a suspended crucifix seemed to separate a heavenly and an earthly kingdom. On the right, towards the window, Catherine had symmetrically arranged a number of gaudy pictures of saints into the form of a sort of altar. The left-hand side, on the contrary, had been converted by her uncle into a lithograph portrait-gallery of all the ultra-democratic members of the Frankfort Parliament.

"But, Catherine," exclaimed Susan, "how come the saints and the revolutionists so close together?" "I couldn't help it!" replied the other testily; "my uncle would have all his people on the wall too. In the end I consoled myself by discovering a symbol in the thing. They represent the sinners to the left of the cross—over the altar of St. Paul's, you know—who are scoffing at religion and everything holy!"

This remark provoked a discussion with Wilhelm, and a menace of republican vengeance. He preserved a friendly tone, however; and it was amusing enough to note the contrast between the two disputants—the dried-up, snuffy, round-shouldered jurist, and the little plump neatly-built maiden, whose expression and manner occasionally betrayed how unwillingly a naturally caressing and affectionate disposition gave place to piety and yearning for a self-imposed cloister.

The political dispute was not yet ended, when the old forester, Conrad Remmert (Catherine's uncle and guardian), entered the room, rifle and game-bag on shoulder. He was a tall, meagre man, with a weather-beaten, stubborn face, on whose chin the old sportsman and new "friend of the people" had coaxed some grizzled stubble into the scrubbing-brush dimensions of a democratic beard.

Although at first a little put out by the visit, on learning its object he received the new comers with a certain stiff courtesy and grimly-smiling reserve.

"Fetch the ticket, Kate!" said he. Catherine brought it out of her chest of drawers. He took it abruptly from her, and asked:

"What's the number in the newspaper, Mr. Advocate?"

"73,747—there it is!" was Wilhelm's reply, as he drew the supplement sheet from his pocket.

"All right! we've won the estate or the money. How much does it come to?"

"For the three girls—young ladies, I mean—together 300,000 florins, Vienna currency."

"Come, that's something, Kate. And now, you know, holdfast's the best dog!" so saying, he pocketed the ticket, and asked: "Have you any supper to offer our guests, Kate?"

"Much obliged," said Hombach, "but we've ordered supper already at the Blue Lion, and only came to make sure about the ticket. It's I who advance the travelling expenses."

"Indeed!" remarked Remmert, with a mistrustful smile.

"And we wish to ask you to join us," continued Hombach—"you must be pretty sharp set after your day's sporting."

"Aha!" muttered the old man. "Thank you—you'll excuse me. I wish you all a good appetite and a pleasant night's rest!"

All stared at each other, and the Advocate asked: "But what about the ticket?"

"Yes, Remmert, what about the ticket?" echoed Hombach.

Remmert slapt his pocket.

Both questioners exchanged interrogative glances; and then turning to Catherine begged her to support the claims of her two friends.

"Kate is under my guardianship," interrupted Remmert, "and it's I who meet all claims," and he slapped his pocket again.

"Then I claim my third of the ticket, Mr. Forester!" said Susan, with a playful curtsey.

"Paper can't be divided, Mademoiselle,—only money can be divided."

"But we can't get the money without the paper, Monsieur!"

"There's a time for all things, Mademoiselle!"

The travellers retired to the window in order to consult together upon the best course to take with the obstinate old gentleman. In fact his close, brooding, repellent manner was an enigma to all of them—even to Catherine herself, who, generally speaking, knew her uncle well. She had never, till now, however, seen him under the influence of the consciousness of property—and in this lay the solution of the whole mystery. It was the first time that Remmert had experienced the sensation of the monied man—a sensation engendered by the pocketing of the lottery-ticket. Mistrust towards the Advocate and Hombach was his first impulse, but one which he could not well manifest. On the other hand the communistic division of property, which he had hitherto openly advocated, sat heavy on his soul. But to this anxiety also he dared not give expression. His only safe plan was, to keep possession of the ticket and hide it at once.

This decision was beyond the *portée* of Remmert's self-possession. It rendered him awkward and stubborn. Accustomed in the sphere of his limited knowledge of the world, to harsh and domineering behaviour, he was destitute of presence of mind for complicated situations, and of facility of speech for negotiation. He belonged to those untrained individuals who allow the fountains of wrath to accumulate silently within their breasts until an overflow of rage and spite sets their ponderous tongues afloat; and the havoc committed is all the greater.

The provocation to a crisis of this kind was nearer than Remmert imagined.

Our friends assembled in council at the window were not aware that a crowd was gradually collecting around the house, until startled by a tremendous "hurrah!" which woke the echoes around them.

Before the alarmed Remmert could reach the window, to investigate the cause, three dirty, long-bearded fellows walked into the room, seized the Forester's hand, and congratulated him on his good fortune.

"At last," said their spokesman, "the turn of luck has come to an honest man of the people, and our jolly old friend will now have the pleasure of showing how brothers go share and share together—eh, Conrad?"

"What is it you want, you drunken scoundrel?" was Remmert's reply to this greeting. "Share and share! that's what you want and be d—d to you is it?"

"Hollo brother! what's the meaning of all this?" returned the speaker. "Come, come—where's the good of abusing us?—Why look you! up to this day you've always been talking of sharing with us;—so do it now—now's your time!"

"What!" shrieked the old man, beside himself with fury—"It is to share you want, you infernal blackguards, is it?—Good—let it be so—I'll share with you!"

And, tearing the pictures of his republican heroes from the wall, he flung them one by one, crashing frame and glass, at the feet of the three deputies.

"There's Schlöffel for you!" he yelled—and there's Blum!—and there's Trützschler, and here's Zitz!—Share them between you—by the yard if you like—you miserable swindlers!—I've done with you—done with the whole kit of you—you ruffians!"

This was going too far—especially with drunken men. A simultaneous rush was made at the old forester. The two girls threw themselves between. The Advocate suggested a compromise. "A compromise!" shouted the old man, in too great a fury to be discreet, "I'll have no compromise with *canaille* like this!"

This word—"tabooed" at that time under the severest pains and penalties—acted like a match applied to a powder train. "He calls us *canaille*!" shouted the men, and one of them, rushing to the window, roared out:

"People of Germany, come in here! A traitor has called you *canaille* in this room. To the lamp-post with him! He's been bought and sold by Austria, and wants to keep all the money to himself, the Russian spy!"

The old man, however, anticipated a second attack, by snatching up his rifle and levelling it at his assailants. The girls ran out of the room screaming, Hombach rushed to place himself at Remmert's back, and the Advocate took refuge under the table.

It will be seen from the above that Herr König was no admirer of the liberal movement of 1848—the epoch chosen for his story. As a government employé, *en retraite*, he could not have two opinions—we mean he could not have any personal opinion—on the matter. A general contempt

for all liberalism is a characteristic of his work, deducible *a priori* from his own position, as well social as literary. *Du reste* let us give him his due. His style is singularly free from Teutonic involution and prolixity. Although unfortunately prone to punning, he is not destitute of some occasional gleams of wit. The facility of a practised hand is evident throughout all he does; and in short his sprightly and pleasing mediocrity seem to render his books admirably adapted to amuse the lounging hours of the "light reader," and the unoccupied moments of the man of graver pursuits.

INDIA.

- 1.—*India*. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: Jno. Chapman.
- 2.—*A Few Words anent the Red Pamphlet*. By one who has served under the Marquis of Dalhousie. London: Ridgway.
- 3.—*A Letter to R. D. Mangles, Esq., in defence of the Liberty of the Press in India*. By JNO. CONNOR, M.A. London: Algar and Co.
- 4.—*A short Review of the present Crisis in India*. By the Roving Irishman. Dublin: M'Glashan.
- 5.—*Observations on a Scheme for the Re-organisation of the Indian Army*. By Brigadier General JOHN JACOB. London: Smith, Elder and Co.
- 6.—*The Record of God in India*. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS. London: Houlston and Wright.
- 7.—*Opinions on the Indian Army*. By Colonel JOHN S. HODSON, Bengal Army. London: Allen and Co.
- 8.—*A Selection of Articles and Letters on the Indian Question*. By HODGSON PRATT, Bengal Civil Service. London: Chapman and Hall.
- 9.—*Review of the Measures which have been adopted in India for the improved Culture of Cotton*. By J. FORBES ROYLE, M.D. London: Smith, Elder and Co.
- 10.—*The Sepoy Rebellion*. From the "London Quarterly Review." London: Heylin.

THE long list of publications produced by the revolt in India shows how profoundly the mind of the nation has been moved by the storm that has so unexpectedly broken upon it; and indeed it is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the crisis. Under any conceivable circumstances, let the immediate results of the struggle be as prosperous as the most sanguine anticipate, the future is surrounded with doubts and anxieties which must make the boldest and the most reckless pause before they pronounce a positive opinion upon the policy to be pursued under the new conditions of empire which re-conquered provinces will impose upon the conquerors.

With the help of this heap of publications, we will endeavour to contribute our mite to the discussion, only presuming that we approach the question without party or sectarian feeling, caring nothing for any interests than those of truth and right.

The causes of the revolt are not as yet ascertained. All sorts of conjectures are hazarded, but their very variety proves what mere guesses they are. The real causes will not be known until they are sought where only they can be found, among those who are sharers in it. Only the natives can tell us what were the influences that operated upon the native mind suddenly to convert an entire army, famous for its fidelity, to open enmity, and peoples, who before were implacable enemies, to forget their feuds and unite in hostility to our rule. To learn the cause of this revolt is the first duty of the Government, for until that is known all remedies must be empirical merely.

But, whatever the cause of this explosion, the given fact remains to be dealt with. There can be no doubt what is the first duty—to extinguish the flame as speedily and effectually as possible. To abandon India now would be only to consign it to anarchy, compared with which any despotism of ours would be a blessing. Whatever doubts Christians may feel as to the means by which India was acquired, there can be no doubt that our duty now is to keep it, if we can.

But at this point the strifes of party and creed, and the differences of statesmen and philosophers begin. *How shall we keep it?*

At present there appear 'to be five distinct parties, having distinct objects, differing widely one from another.

First, there is the party that advocates the continuance, with modifications, of the existing form of government, by the East India Company,

controlled by the ministry. Their arguments are very powerful. They contend that India has been won by the present system, preserved by it under conditions which would have been pronounced impossible; that the revolt was not the revolt of the system, but that it was almost extinguished before any aid arrived from England. Turning from the evidence of the past to the probabilities of the future, this party asserts that the patronage of so huge a civil and military service could not be transferred to the Crown without endangering the liberties of the people, by making the minister for the time being all-powerful. It says, that the management of the affairs of so large an empire would almost engross the attention of the Home Government, already overburdened with work; that such an empire could not be maintained if subjected to the caprices of Parliamentary majorities for the time being—these being dependent, often, on popular cries out of doors; and that the popular voice is ever liable to be led by momentary passions or impulses. That the existing form of government acts like the buffer of a railway, and, receiving the shock of popular emotions, deadens them before the impulse can be felt dangerously in the territory and by the people of whom the English know so little, and never can understand, because they have no ideas in common. What, they ask, would be the consequence if the Government were called upon by Parliament to engage actively in proselytism? Yet who will say that it is not a probable, and by no means a remote contingency, that for party purposes the ignorance and fanaticism of certain classes may be worked upon at a general election, so as to put our empire in peril, and make government there impossible?

The second party is that represented by the Government, which proposes to abolish the existing system, and to place India direct under the Crown, transferring to the ministry all its patronage and power, and to the people of England all its debts, liabilities and revenues. And the arguments for this course are very weighty. A double government is, theoretically, bad; it is an anomaly which even success can scarcely justify. But how can that be called a success under which, whatever the causes, there has been a formidable revolt, which has grown to be a war, and must become a re-conquest. The traditions of that government are adapted to quite a different condition of things from that which will prevail hereafter, and to meet the new circumstances we must have a new régime. The Queen of Great Britain should appear to be what she really is, the Queen of India also; the royal name is everywhere a tower of strength, but nowhere so much so as among the Eastern nations, who can understand no other form of government, and who, while despising "John Company," would venerate Queen Victoria.

The third party is that of Young India, as it has been called, which also advocates the abolition of the Company's rule, but instead of placing India under a despotism, would give to it what

they call responsible government, representative institutions, national education, and other institutions, borrowed from Europe, but for which it would seem that the Eastern race are entirely unfitted. Perhaps the experience of the last six months may have materially changed the opinions of this party, who are sensible enough to know that, even if their doctrines were practicable before the rebellion, they will be impossible after it. Conquest can only be succeeded by despotism.

The fourth party is the religious party, whose sanguine aspirations are for the Christianizing of India. It is the belief of this party that the duty imposed upon us by the increased power which a successful crushing of the revolt must place in our hands, will be to use that power for the purpose of proselytism. Hitherto the care of the Government has been cautiously to avoid any interference with the faith of the people of India. It is, they say, the point on which they are most jealous; and indeed the present revolt is probably the result of our trenching too far upon their religious prejudices. To do more would put our empire in peril; for there would be an universal rising, and then no force we could command could stand against it.

The fifth party is designated the Anglo-Indian party. It comprises the great majority of the British residents in India, but it has very few followers at home. The demand of this party is for the establishment of a government of the European residents, excluding the natives from all office and employment, and, in short, treating them as conquered savages. They desire to be to the Indians what the South American planters are to their slaves, and they would borrow from America the very code of laws by which this slavery is maintained.

This we believe to be a fair statement of the opinions respecting India which have a following entitled to respect. We pass no opinion upon them; for in such a conflict, and in the absence of sufficient knowledge of the actual condition of India, and of the opinions, feelings and character of the people, it seems to be presumptuous to pronounce a judgment. But having thus stated the prevalent views, we will add, on our part, some others which do not appear to have received attention, probably because they are remote; but they are not the less worthy of consideration.

The transfer of India to the Crown—the government of India by ministers, who are controlled by Parliament, which is controlled by the people—appears to us to involve this difficulty. For centuries to come no other government will be practicable in India than a pure despotism. Is it possible for a free people to govern another people despotically? Will not the discordance between profession and practice be continually cast into our teeth by other countries? Shall we not subject ourselves to the same reproach we now cast upon America? Practically, will it be in the power of a Parliament, with liberty on its lips, to make laws for enforcing despotism—at one moment to pass an Act to promote liberty

in England, and the next a law to put fetters upon liberty in India? To take the case of the press. A free press and despotism cannot co-exist. If we establish despotism in India we must abolish the liberty of the press, which is already suspended. How will that be endured by the populace at home? What food will it be for hustings' speeches? How will candidates procure householders' votes by the cry of "Justice for India, 'Liberty all over the world,' and such like? But if we should succeed in establishing despotism in India, how long would our liberties survive? The example would be contagious; the power it would give to the Crown would be enormous; the argument against ourselves would be supplied by ourselves. In the face of the great standing armies it will require, liberty here could not maintain itself for fifty years. This is the problem, and far more formidable than any of the arguments arising out of the immediate exigencies, which it will behave our statesmen of all parties to weigh well before they adopt any course from which there is no return.

It will be said, perhaps, what then should be done? If India can be governed only by a despotism, and despotism there cannot co-exist with liberty here, into what a dilemma are we thrown! It is so, and we do not avoid it by ignoring it. There is, however, one escape from it, and that is the contrivance by which it has been avoided hitherto, the setting up of something between this country and India, which can govern as Parliament and the Crown cannot govern, and do what they cannot do. The question for present determination is, whether the disadvantages of such a medium are greater than this advantage.

Viewing the whole history of this mutiny, we cannot help turning backwards into history, and discovering thus a painful resemblance to the manner in which the great empire of Rome fell to pieces. When it had conquered other nations, it was necessary to maintain large standing armies to keep them in subjection, and those armies (as always standing armies do) subverted the liberties of Rome itself. Conquest compels conquest; the seizure of one province forces upon the conqueror the seizure of the next, as in India, until it becomes too large to be controlled; and then there is revolt, and one by one they are lost again. Thus Rome fell. We have annexed province after province in India, until our empire has swollen beyond our powers to hold, and there is revolt. May the rest of the parallel never be fulfilled; but it is impossible for any reflecting mind not to look into the future with anxiety, for if history be, as we have been assured, philosophy teaching by example, the Indian rebellion is fraught with lessons in the past and warnings for the future, which no man can contemplate without solemn prayer to Heaven to guide him in the judgment which the people of this country are called upon to pass upon the policy henceforth to be pursued in the government of our Indian empire.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

A PAPER by Professor Huxley on Cephalaspis and Pteraspis, was read at the Geological Society. Of the four species originally included in the genus Cephalaspis, two are so different from the others that the possibility of their proving generically distinct has been hinted at. It was subsequently endeavoured to be proved, that these two species are not fish remains at all, but are the internal shells of a Cephalopod, for which the generic name of Pteraspis has been proposed, and an opinion has been more recently expressed that the Pteraspises are crustacea; and a still greater interest is lent to the inquiry into the true nature of Pteraspis from the fact that species of this genus are now known to occur in Silurian Rocks, and as the evidence stands at present they are of the fish class, and among the oldest representatives. In order to ascertain the point, Professor Huxley thought it desirable to determine with precision the microscopical character of the Cephalaspis and of the Pteraspis. The microscopic examination of Pteraspis leaves no doubt of its piscine nature, and shows that while in

many respects similar to Cephalaspis, the species included under Pteraspis are rightly separated from the others. The leading distinctive character of the latter are the absence of *osseous lacunae*, the cellular character of the middle layer, and the ridged and not tuberculated enamel.—A specimen of new species of Plesiosaurus was made the subject of a paper by Professor Huxley. This specimen was procured at Street, near Glastonbury. It approaches most nearly to the P. Hawkinsii, and its dimensions are nearly the same, the length being between seven and eight feet, but the head is smaller in proportion to the body and neck, and the number of the cervical and dorsal vertebrae is different; this species is characterised by fifty-three cervico-dorsal vertebrae, by a cranium at most not more than one-twelfth of the length of the body, and by having the anterior thirty vertebrae fully or more than equal to four lengths of the cranium; the name of P. Etheridgei is proposed for it.—Dr. C. Forbes, in a letter to the president, announces that coal had been found south of Concepcion, in southern Chili. The coal is found in seams, alternating with shales and overlaid by calcareous sandstone; fire-clay underlies the whole; from

the association of fossils found in it, the coal is decidedly not of palaeozoic age, but may be tertiary.

At the Geographical Society a communication was made from the foreign office expressing a wish that the Council would submit suggestions with reference to the proposed expedition to explore the interior of Africa. Dr. Livingstone had explained his own plan of operations which had been approved of. His associates were Commander Bedingfield, R.N., Dr. Kirk, M.D., as surgeon and botanist, Mr. R. Thornton as geologist, Mr. T. Baines as artist, and Dr. Livingstone's brother, who would take charge of the establishment proposed to be founded for a time at the confluence of one of the tributaries to the Zambesi. At the meeting last Monday a paper on the expedition of the Niger, by Dr. Baikie and Mr. May, R.N., was read. The expedition had successfully worked its way up the Niger in a small steamboat until the 7th of October last, when the steamer was wrecked upon rocks. The natives were friendly, and improved in character towards the interior. The produce of the country consisted principally of palm oil and red wood. Mr. May had made a successful expedition from

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DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM AND GALLERY
of SCIENCE, 3, Tichborne-street, Haymarket.—Programme for February:—Lectures by Dr. KAHN on the Philosophy of Medicine at a quarter to Three and a quarter to Eight; and by Dr. SEXTON, on the Chemistry of Respiration, at a quarter-past One; on Skin Diseases at Four; on the Hair and Beard at Five; and on the Relations of Electricity at Nine. The Lectures illustrated by Brilliant Experiments, Dissolving Views upon a large principle, &c. Open for one hour only, and free of admission. Illustrated Hand-book, 6d. Programme Gratis. Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures and a Programme sent post free on the receipt of twelve stamps.

controlled by the ministry. Their arguments are very powerful. They contend that India has been won by the present system, preserved by it under conditions which would have been pronounced impossible; that the revolt was not the revolt of the system, but that it was almost extinguished before any aid arrived from England. Turning from the evidence of the past to the probabilities of the future, this party asserts that the patronage of so huge a civil and military service could not be transferred to the Crown without endangering the liberties of the people, by making the minister for the time being all-powerful. It says, that the management of the affairs of so large an empire would almost engross the attention of the Home Government, already overburdened with work; that such an empire could not be maintained if subjected to the caprices of Parliamentary majorities for the time being—these being dependent, often, on popular cries out of doors; and that the popular voice is ever liable to be led by momentary passions or impulses. That the existing form of government acts like the buffer of a railway, and, receiving the shock of popular emotions, deadens them before the impulse can be felt dangerously in the territory and by the people of whom the English know so little, and never can understand, because they have no ideas in common. What, they ask, would be the consequence if the Government were called upon by Parliament to engage actively in proselytism? Yet who will say that it is not a probable, and by no means a remote contingency, that for party purposes the ignorance and fanaticism of certain classes may be worked upon at a general election, so as to put our empire in peril, and make government there impossible?

The second party is that represented by the Government, which proposes to abolish the existing system, and to place India direct under the Crown, transferring to the ministry all its patronage and power, and to the people of England all its debts, liabilities and revenues. And the arguments for this course are very weighty. A double government is, theoretically, bad; it is an anomaly which even success can scarcely justify. But how can that be called a success under which, whatever the causes, there has been a formidable revolt, which has grown to be a war, and must become a re-conquest. The traditions of that government are adapted to quite a different condition of things from that which will prevail hereafter, and to meet the new circumstances we must have a new régime. The Queen of Great Britain should appear to be what she really is, the Queen of India also; the royal name is everywhere a tower of strength, but nowhere so much so as among the Eastern nations, who can understand no other form of government, and who, while despising "John Company," would venerate Queen Victoria.

The third party is that of Young India, as it has been called, which also advocates the abolition of the Company's rule, but instead of placing India under a despotism, would give to it what

they call responsible government, representative institutions, national education, and other institutions, borrowed from Europe, but for which it would seem that the Eastern race are entirely unfitted. Perhaps the experience of the last six months may have materially changed the opinions of this party, who are sensible enough to know that, even if their doctrines were practicable before the rebellion, they will be impossible after it. Conquest can only be succeeded by despotism.

The fourth party is the religious party, whose sanguine aspirations are for the Christianizing of India. It is the belief of this party that the duty imposed upon us by the increased power which a successful crushing of the revolt must place in our hands, will be to use that power for the purpose of proselytism. Hitherto the care of the Government has been cautiously to avoid any interference with the faith of the people of India. It is, they say, the point on which they are most jealous; and indeed the present revolt is probably the result of our trenching too far upon their religious prejudices. To do more would put our empire in peril; for there would be an universal rising, and then no force we could command could stand against it.

The fifth party is designated the Anglo-Indian party. It comprises the great majority of the British residents in India, but it has very few followers at home. The demand of this party is for the establishment of a government of the European residents, excluding the natives from all office and employment, and, in short, treating them as conquered savages. They desire to be to the Indians what the South American planters are to their slaves, and they would borrow from America the very code of laws by which this slavery is maintained.

This we believe to be a fair statement of the opinions respecting India which have a following entitled to respect. We pass no opinion upon them; for in such a conflict, and in the absence of sufficient knowledge of the actual condition of India, and of the opinions, feelings and character of the people, it seems to be presumptuous to pronounce a judgment. But having thus stated the prevalent views, we will add, on our part, some others which do not appear to have received attention, probably because they are remote; but they are not the less worthy of consideration.

The transfer of India to the Crown—the government of India by ministers, who are controlled by Parliament, which is controlled by the people—appears to us to involve this difficulty. For centuries to come no other government will be practicable in India than a pure despotism. Is it possible for a free people to govern another people despotically? Will not the discordance between profession and practice be continually cast into our teeth by other countries? Shall we not subject ourselves to the same reproach we now cast upon America? Practically, will it be in the power of a Parliament, with liberty on its lips, to make laws for enforcing despotism—at one moment to pass an Act to promote liberty

in England, and the next a law to put fetters upon liberty in India? To take the case of the press. A free press and despotism cannot co-exist. If we establish despotism in India we must abolish the liberty of the press, which is already suspended. How will that be endured by the populace at home? What food will it be for hustings' speeches? How will candidates procure householders' votes by the cry of "Justice for India, 'Liberty all over the world,' and such like? But if we should succeed in establishing despotism in India, how long would our liberties survive? The example would be contagious; the power it would give to the Crown would be enormous; the argument against ourselves would be supplied by ourselves. In the face of the great standing armies it will require, liberty here could not maintain itself for fifty years. This is the problem, and far more formidable than any of the arguments arising out of the immediate exigencies, which it will behove our statesmen of all parties to weigh well before they adopt any course from which there is no return.

It will be said, perhaps, what then should be done? If India can be governed only by a despotism, and despotism there cannot co-exist with liberty here, into what a dilemma are we thrown! It is so, and we do not avoid it by ignoring it. There is, however, one escape from it, and that is the contrivance by which it has been avoided hitherto, the setting up of something between this country and India, which can govern as Parliament and the Crown cannot govern, and do what they cannot do. The question for present determination is, whether the disadvantages of such a medium are greater than this advantage.

Viewing the whole history of this mutiny, we cannot help turning backwards into history, and discovering thus a painful resemblance to the manner in which the great empire of Rome fell to pieces. When it had conquered other nations, it was necessary to maintain large standing armies to keep them in subjection, and those armies (as always standing armies do) subverted the liberties of Rome itself. Conquest compels conquest; the seizure of one province forces upon the conqueror the seizure of the next, as in India, until it becomes too large to be controlled; and then there is revolt, and one by one they are lost again. Thus Rome fell. We have annexed province after province in India, until our empire has swollen beyond our powers to hold, and there is revolt. May the rest of the parallel never be fulfilled; but it is impossible for any reflecting mind not to look into the future with anxiety, for if history be, as we have been assured, philosophy teaching by example, the Indian rebellion is fraught with lessons in the past and warnings for the future, which no man can contemplate without solemn prayer to Heaven to guide him in the judgment which the people of this country are called upon to pass upon the policy henceforth to be pursued in the government of our Indian empire.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

A PAPER by Professor Huxley on Cephalaspis and Pteraspis, was read at the Geological Society. Of the four species originally included in the genus Cephalaspis, two are so different from the others that the possibility of their proving generically distinct has been hinted at. It was subsequently endeavoured to be proved, that these two species are not fish remains at all, but are the internal shells of a Cephalopod, for which the generic name of Pteraspis has been proposed, and an opinion has been more recently expressed that the Pteraspides are crustacea; and a still greater interest is lent to the inquiry into the true nature of Pteraspis from the fact that species of this genus are now known to occur in Silurian Rocks, and as the evidence stands at present they are of the fish class, and among the oldest representatives. In order to ascertain the point, Professor Huxley thought it desirable to determine with precision the microscopical character of the Cephalaspis and of the Pteraspis. The microscopic examination of Pteraspis leaves no doubt of its piscine nature, and shows that while in

many respects similar to Cephalaspis, the species included under Pteraspis are rightly separated from the others. The leading distinctive character of the latter are the absence of *ossous lacune*, the cellular character of the middle layer, and the ridged and not tuberculated enamel.—A specimen of new species of Plesiosaurus was made the subject of a paper by Professor Huxley. This specimen was procured at Street, near Glastonbury. It approaches most nearly to the P. Hawkinsii, and its dimensions are nearly the same, the length being between seven and eight feet, but the head is smaller in proportion to the body and neck, and the number of the cervical and dorsal vertebrae is different; this species is characterised by fifty-three cervico-dorsal vertebrae, by a cranium at most not more than one-twelfth of the length of the body, and by having the anterior thirty vertebrae fully or more than equal to four lengths of the cranium; the name of P. Etheridgii is proposed for it.—Dr. C. Forbes, in a letter to the president, announces that coal had been found south of Concepcion, in southern Chili. The coal is found in seams, alternating with shales and overlaid by calcareous sandstone; fire-clay underlies the whole; from

the association of fossils found in it, the coal is decidedly not of palaeozoic age, but may be tertiary.

At the Geographical Society a communication was made from the foreign office expressing a wish that the Council would submit suggestions with reference to the proposed expedition to explore the interior of Africa. Dr. Livingstone had explained his own plan of operations which had been approved of. His associates were Commander Bedingfield, R.N., Dr. Kirk, M.D., as surgeon and botanist, Mr. R. Thornton as geologist, Mr. T. Baines as artist, and Dr. Livingstone's brother, who would take charge of the establishment proposed to be founded for a time at the confluence of one of the tributaries to the Zambesi. At the meeting last Monday a paper on the expedition of the Niger, by Dr. Baikie and Mr. May, R.N., was read. The expedition had successfully worked its way up the Niger in a small steamboat until the 7th of October last, when the steamer was wrecked upon rocks. The natives were friendly, and improved in character towards the interior. The produce of the country consisted principally of palm oil and red wood. Mr. May had made a successful expedition from

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DOCKFIELD, Sir H. R., Bart., on the 24th ult., aged 66. The deceased baronet was in holy orders, and was for a long period vicar of the metropolitan parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. By his death a prebendal stall in Salisbury Cathedral becomes vacant.

FEUGERE, M. Léon, Censor of Studies in the Lycée Bonaparte, has died lately. He was crowned by the Academy for four several works,—his panegyric on Monthyon, and his essays on La Boétie, E. Pasquier and Henry Stephens, the French Aldus Manutius. He has left behind him a MS. work, entitled "Caractères et Portraits du Seizième Siècle," which will shortly be published by M. Didier.

LABLACHE, Signor, on the 23rd ult., at Naples, where he was born in the year 1796. Although of French extraction, he was himself a thorough Neapolitan. After having risen to the highest eminence in Italy, he came to England for the first time in 1830, and made his debut at our Italian Opera (then the King's Theatre), in the character of Gerolamo in *Chimera*'s comic opera. "Il Matrimonio Segreto." From that night his position as our Italian stage was at once established as one of the richest and most legitimate comedians, and the most magnificent bass-singer of the age. From successive appearances it was discovered that his genius was as versatile as it was great, ranging from the lightest comedy and even farce, to the most lofty tragedy—*from Gerolamo, and Batholo, and Don Pasquale, to the majestic Oroveso and the terrible Duke of Ferrara*. But it is needless to enter upon the transcendent merits of Lablache—they are familiar to every musical reader. Like great artists in general, Lablache was possessed of much intelligence and general attainments. His character was manly, generous and straightforward; his manners were genial and pleasant; and he was not less respected and beloved as a man than he was admired as an artist.

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